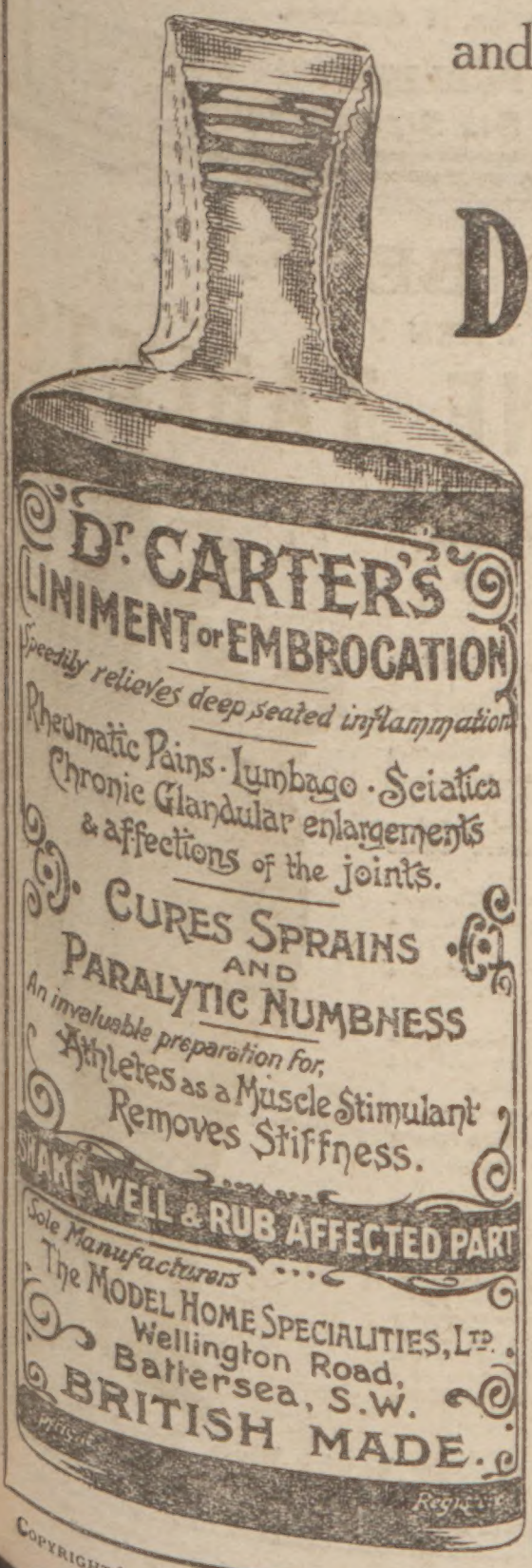
JUST PRIME

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 48. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 2ND, 1909. ONE PENNY.

IT CURES



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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who aares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 48. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 2ND, 1909. ONE PENNY.

DOING THE RIGHT THING.

THE ONLY WAY TO BE HAPPY.

It is an old and well-worn maxim, "When in Rome, do as Rome does," and yet the non-observance of it leads to endless discontent and misery every day.

Not only is it necessary for the man who aims at happiness to do as Rome does, but if he wants to do things that Rome is not in the habit of doing, he must lie low about it and not obtrude his different views and mode of life upon the Romans.

This may sound like a discouragement of all originality and new endeavour, but let me explain myself further.

There is in the strange organism that we call society a still stranger distinction known as class, and it is, perhaps, more pronounced in Britain than in any other country in the world.

How it got there is a mystery that we must leave to the sociologist and the scientist to attempt to explain—they never will succeed, though they may quote endless laws of evolution and such-like fine sounding abstractions.

But there it is, and we must face it. A man may rise or fall from his class—or caste, call it what you will. His fortunes and surroundings may change, but it takes generations to remove entirely the characteristics of that class and replace them by new ones.

But the secret of happiness in every class is to do as Rome does, to do the right thing according to that state of life to which God has called you.

The working-man who yearns for culture and education, who has a taste for literature or politics, has nowadays many opportunities for gratifying it, and by all means let him do so.

But if he wishes to stand well with his friends—and, after all, is not that half the secret of happiness?—he will make no parade of his learning or his political views. He will live the life his fellows lead, instead of holding aloof from their interests and recreations and posing as a superior person, a dabbler in culture.

The cultured working-man is always an object of suspicion, especially to his employer, for with him content and culture seldom go hand-in-hand.

And so in other walks of life you must do the right thing, or be branded as unsociable or as a crank.

What is the right thing? It is purely relative; it differs with class, with town or country, school or college, with club or friends. But you know it by instinct.

It is often in recreations that it is most apparent, and you will only achieve happiness if your recreations are those of your friends and of your class. It may involve learning to dance, to play bridge or golf, to ride or to play footer, or a hundred and one other things—sometimes even things that have no pleasure for you—but is it not worth it?

After all, happiness is the main thing in this life, and if you do the right thing, in the slang sense as well as in the moral one, you are in a fair way to get it.

ALAN HAMER.

CHEEK.

A Suffragette has written to a Cabinet Minister stating that "an unbroken watch will be kept on the House of Commons." As the Members can see the time very well by Big Ben, this savours of taking bloaters to Great Yarmouth.

* * *

A tobacco trade journal observes that "many inveterate smokers put on a matutinal pipe immediately after rising." It is more usual to start with the socks.

* * *

When a married man falls downstairs he always blames his wife.

* * *

It is said that the British public is tiring of wild animal shows. Of course the Suffragettes lately have certainly given us too much of a good thing.

* * *

Many a prophet is without honour—on Newmarket Racecourse.

* * *

"The duties of a Territorial cyclist," says "Cyclists' Training," "demand quickness of decision." We have never found them very slow in saying "Yes" to the have-a-drink-old-chap query.

* * *

"The Fatal Dance," which is to be produced shortly, does not include Miss Allan among its *dramatis personæ*.

* * *

All that the explorers found at the North Pole apparently was cold weather. They could have stayed in England this summer and had that free of charge.

* * *

"Premier's relations with Mr. John Burns," said the "Daily Mail" poster. But Mr. Churchill has not yet announced his intention of introducing his grand-aunts to Mr. Keir Hardie.

* * *

Mr. Alexander Mann has written a book entitled "Yachting on the Pacific." Most young men have to do it on the cheap.

* * *

A dramatic critic in a lengthy article pointed out that there was a demand just now for "something *really* humorous." Mr. Churchill must feel hurt at this slight on this recent Budget speeches.

* * *

There will be no tax on bread, as Mr. Lloyd George often eats it himself.

* * *

Commander Peary stated he had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole. Eminent scientists are now busily engaged adding the question marks.

* * *

The man who digs the gold is seldom the one who gets most fun out of it.

* * *

Dr. Cook is very much like an author of these days of stony-hearted editors. He finds it very hard to get his story accepted.

J. B. PONDERS.

PRIVATE ACCOUNTS.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF KEEPING THEM.

Most of us have a good deal of trouble in making both ends meet, for, no matter what a man's salary may be, he generally allows his expenditure to mount up, so that it is a tight fit to make it balance with his income. The keeping of accounts may seem to some a trivial matter, but it is not. It is money that makes the world go round, and it is the possession thereof that makes for a man's comfort or otherwise. For the fullest enjoyment of life it is necessary to have a regular and definite scheme of expenditure, and only by keeping private accounts can such a scheme be created and followed out.

My own system of private book-keeping is so simple and effective, that I think it might very well be adopted by others.

I have a general scheme of finance, based upon my weekly salary. I can allow £10 a year for clothes, £2 a year for holidays, and so forth. Bearing these annual expenditures in mind, my chief concern is with the weekly outgoing of my hard-earned shillings.

Each Saturday I receive my salary, and when I get home I enter up into my cash book the amount of it. At once I deduct the weekly proportion of my dressing allowance, of my holiday allowance, of my club subscriptions, and so forth, and these sums I take out of my pocket in actual hard cash and put the money into separate tobacco tins, on the lids of which are pasted suitable labels, and which are locked securely in a drawer in my dressing-table.

As the amount of money in each tin grows I take out the silver and put in gold instead.

From the amount left I deduct the cost of my week's board and lodgings, for I always pay my landlady on Saturday afternoon. I am then left with what you might call the money at my disposal for the coming week.

My cash-book has two sets of money columns. In the left-hand one I enter an expenditure—for instance, board and lodging, 18s. 6d. In the right-hand column, on the same line as this, I enter the amount of money which I have in hand after the 18s. 6d. has been paid.

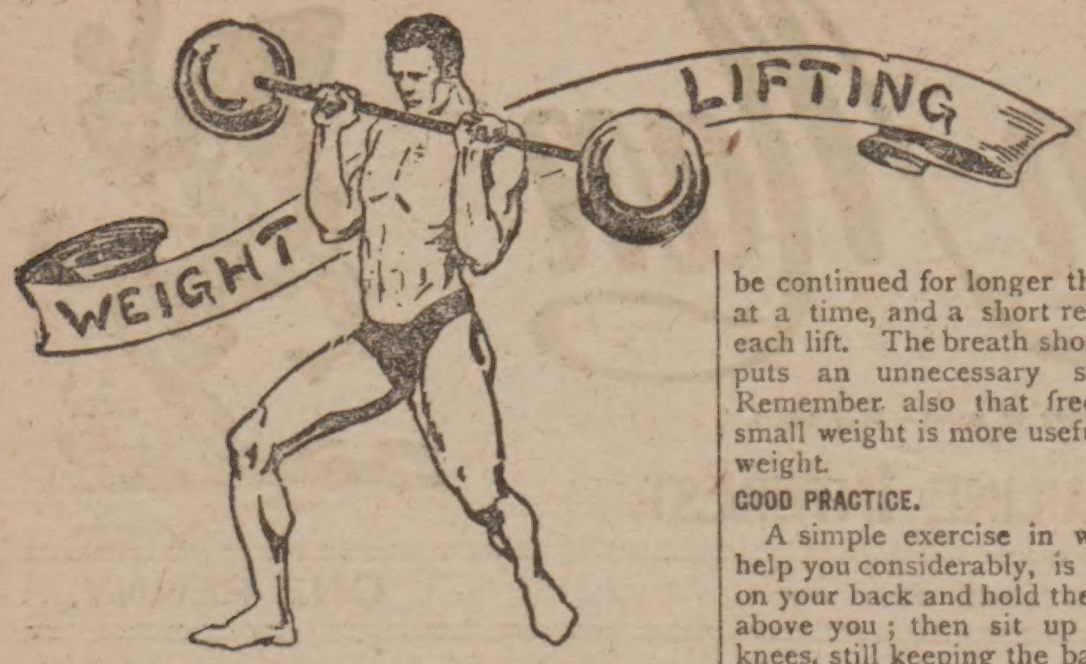
This system saves all troublesome additions at the end of the day, or at the end of the week, for the subtraction of each amount from my principal is a simple matter, and beside every item I find the amount of cash that I have in hand after meeting it.

Before going to bed each evening, I set my cash-book to rights, and, when the last item has been entered up, I compare the amount in the right-hand column with the amount of actual hard cash that I draw out of my trousers pocket.

The two amounts ought to be the same, but frequently they are not. Then I set to thinking on what I have spent the missing shilling, and when I have remembered it and entered it up, I close the book.

The scheme is simple, and, as I have followed it for years, I may well say that it is not an irksome one.

G. CASTLE.



SHOWING HOW SKILL COUNTS FOR MORE THAN STRENGTH.

Old ladies who know that you take an interest in athletics, always seem to have at their finger ends a number of instances where young men have injured themselves by exercise, and the majority of these instances are concerned with the lifting of weights.

The old ladies' stories have, of course, been distorted a little by frequent repetition and occasional embellishment, but there is no reason to suspect them in the main of being untruthful. The fact is that you can very easily damage yourself by lifting weights, and you can just as easily improve your physique by weight-lifting without doing yourself the slightest injury.

The man who with a desire to show off seizes a 56lb. weight in each hand, and holds them up at arm's length, may do himself a distinct injury if his muscles have not been tuned up to the feat.

THE CHAMPION'S FEAT.

On the other hand, Arthur Saxon, the champion weight-lifter of the world, can press above his head a bar-bell weighing 371lb., and do it night after night without discomfort. The whole secret lies in beginning with very light weights and gradually increasing them.

The bar-bell with gigantic metal globes at the ends seems more ponderous than it is, and is consequently preferred by public performers for the sake of effect, but the newer disc bar-bell is much more convenient in every way. Its weight can be altered easily and quickly by adding or removing some of the discs.

In purchasing a bar-bell, be most careful that the bar is of a thickness to suit your grip; a thin bar seems to cut into your hand, when the bell is loaded up, and with such a contrivance you are not capable of doing your best.

Before beginning weight-lifting, it is advisable to practise the various movements with a developer attached to a hook in the floor. Preferably the hook should be on a metal plate fixed down by four screws, as the ordinary screw hook sometimes springs out, for you must remember that the pressure here is direct and not sideways as in the case of the hooks fixed to the door posts.

GETTING INTO TRAINING.

By adding extra strands to the developer you can make it equivalent to a considerable weight, and the advantage of this practice is that the special muscles used in lifting are developed, and the danger of strain is thus minimised.

In weight-lifting, the body-muscles must of course be used to assist the arms, and contrary to the general belief, an important part is played by speed.

When you get the bar-bell above your head, it stands balanced for a moment, its weight temporarily neutralised by the upward thrust you have given it. At that very instant you must jerk it upwards so as to take full advantage of its temporary equilibrium.

This is but one instance of many where skill does more for the weight-lifter than mere size of muscle. In fact several of our leading weight-lifters have frankly confessed that their muscular development helps them to get applause from the audience, rather than to raise the weights.

On no account should weight-lifting practice be continued for longer than a quarter of an hour at a time, and a short rest should be taken after each lift. The breath should not be held, as that puts an unnecessary strain upon the heart. Remember also that frequent repetition with a small weight is more useful than one lift with a big weight.

GOOD PRACTICE.

A simple exercise in weight-lifting, which will help you considerably, is the following: Lie flat on your back and hold the bar-bell at arm's length above you; then sit up without bending your knees, still keeping the bar-bell above your head. On no account must this be practised with a heavy bell at first, as the strain on the abdominal muscles is great.

To strengthen the muscles of the back, hold the bar-bell in front of you, bend down till it touches the floor, and then stand erect, bringing it to your thighs, and keeping the knees straight all the time.

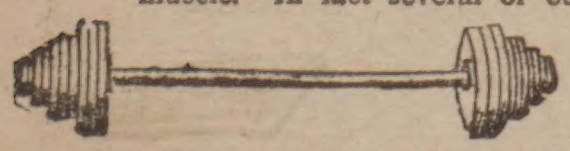
A showy little feat, but one which even a novice can accomplish, is that of lying flat on your back holding the bar-bell at arm's length, and getting a couple of men to sit upon it. The weight goes direct by your arms to the floor, and a minimum of practice will show you how to hold the bell to prevent its either going too far forward or too far back.

LOOKS WELL.

An even more effective feat is the lifting of a full-grown man with one hand. Get a friend to bend down and lock his hands behind his knees. Then stand at his left side, facing the same way as he faces, and pass your right arm underneath his left arm, and grasp him by his right arm between the shoulder and the elbow. To do this you have, of course, bent down, and by straightening your body you can bring him up till he rests against your hip. The second stage of the lift is a steady, upward press till you have him above your head.

It might be supposed that this feat implied strength not only on the part of the performer, but also on that of his assistant, but as a matter of fact the strain on the locked fingers is scarcely felt; you must, however, get a steady man for the job, as the slightest movement on his part may throw you hopelessly out.

W. R. MELDRUM.



SIMPLE LIFE MEN.

There are some men who think that the greatest enjoyment in life is to be obtained by doing without all of its luxuries.

One has recently been writing in a contemporary an account of what he calls his simple life in an omnibus, which he has fitted up as a sort of caravan, and in this he spends his time.

And he does it all alone.

It would be difficult to read his article with any pleasure, for a cursory glance at it shows allusions to Tolstoy, Thoreau, to the value of vegetarianism, to the casting away of tobacco pipes, and so forth.

The article is typical of a certain class of men. Most sportsmen will agree that there is excellent good fun to be had in living in a caravan, or in an omnibus fitted up as one, but the sportsman always feels the need of the company of his fellows. What attracts him about the simple life is the novelty of it, and not the self-denial which it entails.

It is a pity that devotees of what is commonly called the simple life should devote themselves to preaching asceticism and discomfort, for they freeze others away from what is in itself an excellent thing.

MALE EMOTIONS.

X. REVENGE.

This emotion was a powerful factor in the character of men in the olden days. It was suited to a creed which believed in a revengeful and a jealous God. David reached his highest pitch of eloquence when denouncing his enemies and calling upon Jehovah to wreak desolation and destruction upon them.

To us, in these more peaceful times, there is something strange and repellent about such displays of vengefulness. We have been reared in a less rugged environment, we have been taught gentler principles, our religion is based upon brotherly love and believes that forgiveness is better than revenge.

I beg you to be patient with me for touching on religion. I do so because any study of a man's character cannot be complete without some reference to it. Religion of some kind exists within every man, let him deny it or not.

A significant fact of the Christian faith is that it does not condemn revenge in itself; it condemns a man for practising it, because the prerogative belongs to God. "Vengeance is mine, &c."

I mention this in order to floor the assertion that revenge is essentially evil. So often envy, spite, and various other forms of uncharitableness are misunderstood to be demonstrations of revengeful feeling.

Revenge in its real and final form is wide and far-reaching, a great and terrible emotion. That is why we see so little of it, because we shrink at the hint of terrible consequences in these days of civilisation and refinement, and why it is wise that we should be forbidden to practise it.

A man who takes upon himself to wreak revenge for wrong done either to himself or another, is undertaking responsibility whose weight is likely to be more than he can carry.

No revenge can be just unless every consideration is taken into account, every relative fact known. We are no more capable of perfect comprehension than we are capable of perfection in anything. Revenge is unquestionably evil unless it is absolutely just.

I have said that we see little of revenge nowadays. That is true of individuals. Of course, if you catch a man robbing your till or another flaying a lame horse, or if you are done down in a particularly mean manner, your instinct is to sail right into the offender, and batter him into the middle of next week.

Probably you do it, and feel afterwards that your revenge was miserably inappropriate, which is the usual sensation when a man takes revenge into his own hands. He either thinks the punishment was incomplete or that he went too far. In other words, he is conscious that he has been unjust.

It is always the same. I should never urge you not to retaliate against minor wrongs. You would be no sort of a man if you didn't, but you will never get satisfaction from it.

And if you probe deeper into it, you will see that revenge for deep and grievous wrong is denied to you by the counsels of discretion. For instance, if a friend of yours should be murdered and you revenged yourself upon the murderer, the law would revenge itself upon you.

I don't know whether it is commonly realised that the spirit and meaning of the laws of our land are revenge. Revenge is the power which restores the balance between right and wrong.

So it is far more from the law than from individuals that we get demonstrations of this emotion. We dare not practise it in a big way because if we do the iron hand of the law will fall upon our shoulder. And if we are moderately revengeful we become mean and malicious. Modern conditions demand that we smother one of the fundamental impulses of our being. We are made to give the lie to a part of ourself which makes strongly for individuality.

I own that sometimes I would we were more like the ancients. They were crude, barbaric, undisciplined in their emotions, but at least they had magnificent simplicity, and they were magnificently honest.

C. WOLFE.

A DRAMATIC SHORT STORY.

WASTE

By R. D. CROMBIE.

She stood erect and rigid, in exactly the posture into which she had fallen when, after her clinging entreaty, he had pushed her savagely away from him.

She heard the rattle of the hall-stand as he caught up his hat from a hook and dragged out his stick, the bang of the front door, his feet descending the four stone steps, his stamping footfalls past the window, significant of rage—then all sounds of him died away.

He had gone.

Somebody went by whistling. She listened also to the feet of the whistler growing fainter and fainter. And at last she stirred.

She unclasped her hands, she shuddered slightly, her limbs suddenly became unreliable.

She walked uncertainly to an armchair beside the dying fire and sat down. There was in her face the dazed, rather piteous wonder of a child struck with cruel unexpectedness for a fault unknown.

Quite quietly she hid her face in her hands.

For a space no sound disturbed the stillness save the lazy tick-tock of the marble clock on the mantelpiece and the occasional rustle of the fire as the charred coal collapsed into ashes. But by and by wet oozed through the closed fingers, and she began to rock gently to and fro.

Now she moaned, at first the subdued lament of self-pity; but later, deep, shuddering sobs broke from her, terminating at length in hoarse, strangled crying.

He had gone, he had gone, he had gone!

Those three words quivered through her brain on every note known to pain, alternating between dull, sullen undertones and shrill, piercing solos, which worked up to a wild, discordant chorus of agony.

She cried and cried until tears would come no more, and her eyes were hot and smarting. Then, again, she sat silent, brooding over the ashes of the fire.

He had gone. This was the end of it.

Two years of the divine delight of love; three months of tiring; then the inevitable disillusion, back-biting, growing distaste, slumbering hatred on his part, on hers motiveless spite against him and everything in the world, and all the time neither of them having the courage to confess candidly that they had reached the inexorable end of love which seeks to be free by becoming lawless.

She recalled how eloquently he had spoken against the chafing bonds of matrimony, how that in freedom was found the greatest fidelity, and how ready and eager she had been to be convinced. He had sworn to love her to the day of his death, and she had believed him. She had made no vows herself, because it seemed so unnecessary. Just as breath was essential to the existence of the body, so love was essential to the existence of her soul, and it was he who had brought her soul to life.

Now he had gone, and taken her life with him—gone after a bitter and violent quarrel, just the very culmination she had most dreaded. Oh, the sordidness of it!

Had they but parted quietly, kindly, pitying one another for being the victims of a great mistake, even a trifle cynically that their love romance had gone the way of all others, she would have found it easier to bear. At least there would have been none of this dried-up feeling of despair.

Wearily the woman looked round the commonplace sitting-room which aforetime had been beautiful as heaven to her, her eyes seeing visions of past happiness, while still her brain resounded with the shocks of three words, like the battering of inevitability. . . . He had gone.

Gone!

And after all their wonderful hopes and their wonderful love, a love whose poignant sweetness had ever been a pain. She had believed with all the intensity of her being that such love was born of eternity and thus would last for ever, that love like theirs soared far beyond the restrictions of a material world, that they were given to each other because life for them alone was sick emptiness, while together they were filled with happiness too deep for words or thoughts or anything save what was told by lips and breath, and the inarticulate murmur of passionate ecstasy.

Why had he gone?

Was it because their love had been so perfect, so all-satisfying, those intense two years, that all its possibilities had been exhausted? Had they been the spendthrifts that end in bankruptcy? Or was it that when a man's taste for caresses was gone, his love was gone also? Oh, hideous thought! Did, indeed, men know nothing of the love that finds its purest outlet in giving, in service, in sacrifice? And was it right for love to be torn from a woman's grasp while still she loved, leaving her with none to help and none to care, destitute and alone?

Here the anguish of her suffering brought the woman to her feet, her face thrown up, while from her being a soundless, blind, and formless appeal went quivering upwards—an appeal for understanding. . . .

She waited, almost as if expecting a sign—waited, demanding some voice from heaven to speak and explain the unendurable things, as so many blinded human souls have done.

But no sign or voice came.

Then, as though with recognition and acceptance of defeat, she sank slowly into her chair. Her expression became one of sullen calm.

He had gone! and that was the end of it! What was the good of caring? What did it matter? Life was not lived for long. Feeling burnt itself out. Of all the happenings in the years of her life her memory only retained a few minute particles—like stars in a black heaven with a vast empty waste between. She had come upon the waste. . . .

* * * * * * *

And now the leaden feet of hate began to tread slowly through the waste field of her mind.

He was a fraud and a liar. It was by his doings that she was here, living with him as his wife, itself a lie.

It had been he who had persuaded her that it was right, he who had robbed her of home, friends, pride, honour, and given her little, a contemptible, cowardly little in exchange.

A curse upon him for it! He had taken everything from her, and now flung it back, disfigured and befouled! Honour was gone. That precious possession which once lost could never be regained. Oh, the mean, lying, rapacious villain that he had proved himself!

Villain! yet—oh, the pity of it!—she loved him still. What horror! to love that which gave her hate of self to love! What prostitution of innocence, to love purely and to hate the innocence she had lost at the same time! That was the spirit of harlotry!

The thought stabbed her through and through. A harlot! That was what she would become. That was what he would have driven her to—a walker of the streets, a mouthing, painted Jezebel.

The woman laughed.

What an end! What a divinely beautiful reward for love! What justice!

And she began to think, think, think—to fight desperately for a way of escape, for preservation of sanity.

* * * * * * *

The woman put on her hat and coat and gloves, using the same care for neatness as had always characterised her, and went out. There was a queer light of expectancy in her eyes.

With the strange cunning of the mentally deranged she went from chemist's shop to chemist's shop, explaining at each one that she wanted just a little laudanum because she had always found it so good for the toothache.

"It's really an awfully bad ache," she said more than once; "so bad that I can hardly bear it."

And she submitted patiently to having a decayed tooth prodded and examined, while at two places she promised to call on the morrow to have the tooth extracted if the pain got no better.

"But I expect it will," she said with a hopeful smile. "I expect this stuff will cure it."

And because she looked pale, and very young, and rather desolate despite her prettiness, the reply from the chemist was that he was sure it would.

At last she thought she had got enough. She had seven small bottles of her cure.

Now and again her hand strayed to her pocket as she made her way homewards.

She was going home to cure her pain because she wanted to end it in the place where the pain had been caused.

Besides, there was a photograph of him there.

She could say good-bye to it. They had been together when it was taken, and very happy.

Perhaps she would feel that happiness again before she died. Death would be sweet then. . . .

* * * * * * *

A man looked up from his newspaper as she entered, a man with a dark, ill-tempered face.

"Well, where the devil have *you* been?" he asked. "Look at the time! Are we going to have any supper to-night or not?"

The woman had placed her hand to her heart. She was as white as paper.

"What are you staring at?" he went on irritably. "What—what's the matter?"

He jumped to his feet and hurried over just in time to save her.

"Here!" he said concernedly. "Pull yourself together. What's up? Aren't you well?"

Affection had crept into his voice, and he stooped to get a better look at her face.

"Shall I get you something? You're not going to faint, are you?"

She smiled faintly at his clumsy anxiety, and opened her eyes.

"It's all right," she whispered, "it's nothing. How long have you been back?"

He held her arm as she walked shakily to a chair.

"Oh, a few minutes ago" he answered. "Why?"

She gazed at him for a long time before replying. Some piteousness in her face struck home to his feelings.

"You haven't been taking to heart what I said, have you?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Well, you were a little fool! You know what a rotten temper I've got."

The colour began to come back into her cheeks.

"I thought you meant never to come back," she said. "Didn't you—didn't you mean it?"

"Mean it? Well, perhaps I did at the time. Anyhow, don't let's talk about it. Perhaps I was as much to blame as you," he added magnanimously.

Still there was something in her expression that puzzled him.

"I say, old girl," he went on awkwardly, "I'm sorry. Will that satisfy you?"

She put out her arms towards him.

"Yes," she said, "but you've hurt me cruelly. You've broken something. You've——"

She stumbled forward blindly, clutching at him. And when her hands fell upon him they were limp and cold.

It was not she who drank the laudanum that night.

OUR COUNTRY FIRST!

OUR COUNTRY FIRST!

A DEFENCE OF PATRIOTISM.

"Our Country First!"

You can find no more fitting motto for the Territorials, search where you will.

For those who have already joined His Majesty's Territorial Force, it is something to remember. For those who still waver, it is a call.

It rings out, also, to the scoffers—the men who stand on one leg and grin because a man is *not* afraid to appear in the rather badly-cut uniform supplied by the Government. It is not the uniform you have to consider, but the principle.

What is this latest Territorial boom — the wave of feeling which lately has sent thousands of men from London and the provinces to the great encampment on the Plain?

What is the object of these young men—many of whom have sacrificed their usual annual holiday by the sea, so that they might make themselves proficient in the use of arms, the use of warfare, and see, also, a tithe of what initiative is required of them.

Can you who smile and indulge in music-hall "gags" on the subject realise it?

England—yes, actually your own pessimistic England—is beginning to "wake up," as requested in the columns of all the leading papers!

SECURING A DIVIDEND.

She is beginning to realise that she has something more than her athletic prestige, something more than her social superiority, to attend to. She sees, also, that her dukes, lords, and men in the peerage and aristocracy generally are not capable of running her—a going concern that must pay a high dividend yearly, or there is trouble—which is known under the name of "trade depression."

Now, there is no chivalry about trade. It is something that the aristocracy does not recognise, even as far as the miserable tradesmen's bills go sometimes. For all that, it is the life of the country.

"Our country first," curiously enough, means "our trade first" also, although, perhaps, not quite so keenly.

We are all ready to strike for honour—there is that left to us still. It beats in the hearts of all of us who are worthy to be slanged on the Continent, generally, as Englishmen.

A NATION OF SPORTSMEN.

We people of England have the sporting spirit. It is Our Side that we want to win every time, Our Side to lead, Our Side to make the big show! The more dangerous the competition, the finer the struggle.

In the heart of hearts of us—that Heart that few of us dare talk or write about—we know that there is Something that reigns supreme. It is the love of Victory, the determination that nothing whatsoever shall beat us, the tight-lipped, steadfast purpose which, all unseen, still keeps us *there*—to the Front—in the vanguard of the fight for supremacy.

At the present moment we undoubtedly have it. Now, we *rule*, and the motto of the others might reasonably be "Ich Dien"—I serve.

When a man has a priceless possession, there are those in this world who would risk all to gain it.

Having everything to gain and but little to lose in comparison with ourselves, there are certain people who would not hesitate to put their stake down on the Game.

The great Croupier who is presiding at the table of Europe is saying, "Make your game, gentlemen!" But for us it depends on a little more than the turn of the roulette wheel because *We* hold the Bank.

The odds now are slightly in our favour. We have got to stick to that Bank, and, metaphorically, it is our Territorials, our home defenders, our fighting factor, who will largely contribute the capital for that Bank.

Cæsar had his turn at ruling the world, Spain has been top dog, Greece and Egypt great.

We practically won our supremacy at Waterloo, and ever since we have held it almost unchallenged. In the ordinary course of things, in the blind way in which the affairs of this universe are ordered, we shall one day be called upon to defend our title as Rulers of the World.

It is merely what is asked of a champion of boxing, why not of the Champion of the World?

SOMETHING IN IT.

You have seen—you who disbelieve—that there *is* something in this Territorial scheme. The slackness of the old Volunteer system has been eliminated; there is the keenness that preserves interest and the desire for efficiency in all ranks which sweeps on to perfection. There is the individual spirit, and it only remains for Time to complete the organisation adequately.

And the great thing that is required above all things is that you young men shall join. Many of the units are below strength, and this Territorial Force should be over strength, because the laugh is dying on the lips of the scoffers now—the arrow they sped has fallen on themselves. It is the scoffers who will be held up to ridicule, and it is all honour to those who made themselves ready.

THE REAL THING.

The Territorial Force is no longer "playing at soldiers." From the recent camps they have opened the eyes of the country to their intrinsic worth. They are a dependable fighting factor—they only need numerical strength now.

And it is left to, perhaps, you who read to help in this cause.

You will get some fun and plenty of "good times" out of it, of course; but you must remember that pleasure is only by the way.

That sort of thing was good enough for the old doesn't-matter days of the Volunteers. Now you are joining an Army—an Army which at the present moment is daily making itself more perfect, an Army of good, sound, full-blooded men, who are keeping "Our Country First."

JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

AN INTERESTING PAGE.

The third page of our cover is always one of the most interesting in the paper.

It consists wholly of advertisements, but they express the needs of other sportsmen, and the page is therefore well worthy of your attention.

By means of a small announcement on that page you can buy or sell anything in which you are interested, and your advertisement need not cost you more than a shilling.

THE CLUB SECRETARY.

THE TRIALS OF A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN.

Few men are more sought after at the end of one season and the beginning of another than is the club secretary, who is just now in the thick of his difficult, and often thankless, work.

Hardly has he piloted the club over the summer months, having succeeded, at the cost of infinite trouble, in giving the members a busy and good time, than he is confronted with the blank page of autumn and winter. This he must at all costs fill with attractive engagements, and so while his fellow-members are cooling their heels—perhaps impatiently—he is wrestling with the intricate mass of details that have to be considered if the club is to be kept busy during the season.

The club that is blessed with the ideal secretary is fortunate indeed. He must be as wise as a serpent, as harmless as a dove, as active as Mercury. He has to be all things to all men who have any claim upon his attention, and he must give all of them his ear should they demand it.

He is a servant without pay. But he finds great pleasure in his work when he has round him true sportsmen who, while they are glad to get out of the job themselves, are nevertheless well aware of the work and worry it entails to the man who does take it on.

The goodwill and the gratitude of a host of sportsmen is something well worth working for. Not that the club secretary works for gratitude. Far from it. He has far too much to think about to allow him time to consider these things; but if, while he works, he knows that there is not a member who will give him credit for having any thing but the welfare of the club at heart, he is well satisfied.

Just at present he is busy preparing the annual report and balance-sheet of his club. He has to put the season's work into an attractive literary narrative, and to infuse into bare statements of fact whatever he can of brightness and humour, for sportsmen hate to hear the bare recapitulation of their gains and losses in the field. The past is dead to them—dead as a doornail—and they have no interest in hearing it recorded. The present and the future are theirs.

But records must be made and accounts kept, and it is the secretary's business to see that nothing is allowed to slide. Though he may keep no accounts of his own, he is careful over the worldly goods of his club, and can account for the uttermost farthing, and often for a little more from his own pocket when his zeal outruns the general funds.

He it is who keeps a cool head throughout the discussions that take place at that great event the annual meeting; and when members have had their say, and resolutions, amendments, and suggestions are rolling in rapidly, he follows the trend of all and registers the thing decided upon and rejects the rest.

Sportsmen, as a rule, have a rough-and-ready way of transacting business, so that the secretary has to see that all is in order, that payments are authorised, and that engagements are ratified.

One of his most distasteful tasks is the collection of subscriptions. He knows only too well that the club cannot ride forward to success without funds. Often he seems to be the only man who realises this, and his constant applications to dilatory members cost him more than the recipients of his pleasantly-worded reminders would ever imagine.

But for all his trials and troubles he has a real reward in the general goodwill ever shown to him, and in the undisguised gratitude which is expressed at such times as the annual meeting.

Of all votes of thanks—most of them empty, meaningless, and conventional formalities—that which is passed to "our excellent secretary" has most real meaning in it. Members who will let any business slide, so long as it gets done, will not allow this occasion to pass unnoticed. Every man present will endorse the utmost that can be said for his secretary, for the simple reason that "he's a jolly good fellow."

J. SHARP.

Sharing Diggings

IS THE SYSTEM ADVISABLE?

"It is not good for man to be alone." Though the original pronouncement may have had reference to woman as man's companion, it applies with equal force in every period of a man's life. Woman, after all, is not the only companionship a man can enjoy.

It ought to be every man's first rule when he begins to feel his feet in the world, that he will not put up with the lonely life on any conditions.

The man who, of set purpose, chooses diggings where he must live alone, is an abnormal man. But there are very few, and every day there are fewer men who do this from choice.

BRIGHTENING THINGS UP.

Companionship, of one or half a dozen friends, in diggings robs life of many of its most depressing features and transforms it into a reasonably pleasant experience. Even the depredations or the other sins of landladies, their maids of all work and their families, become supportable when shared, and there is some humour to be found in every form of landladylike delinquency.

For some months I had solitary diggings. Every time I put my latchkey into the door I did it with a wave of depression stealing over me.

The stuffy narrow passage, the stairs that creaked, the curtains that hung limp and ravelled from the staircase windows, all helped to affect my spirits. I was mounting to my lonely dungeon, and all that I passed on the way thereto tended to remind me of the misery of my abode.

Mechanically I flung myself into the chair that occasionally gave way or struck and refused to rock gently. I could eat with nothing approaching appetite, and I was blessed with a landlady who was not above pilfering from the goods that were supposed to be exclusively mine.

HOW I CAME TO TRY IT.

But the arrival in town of a man whom I had only known quite casually in business years before, changed the whole atmosphere of my diggings.

I heard from a friend that Carter was coming to London. Could I find him diggings? At once I said that Carter had better stay with me for a day or two until he had found his own gloomy dungeon.

So he came—and saw, and stayed on and on, and is here now, or shortly will be for it is getting on for seven and he is always back from business before that hour.

The moment he came into the house I felt that the atmosphere had changed. Between us we felt instinctively that those grievances which were a bore to mention when living alone, became rights which we could and should assert in union.

TRAINING A LANDLADY.

And we got a lot of humour out of the process and have earned the gratitude of later generations of lodgers by training our landlady into better ways.

One sample of our experiences during this period of training I must relate. Our lump sugar flew—melted—disappeared. Somebody ate three times more than we did, somebody who had no title to it.

So one day we numbered, in pencil, every lump left in the basin. The numbers ran from 1 to 26. When it reached our table again eleven of the numbered cubes were missing.

There and then we sent the following note to the landlady:

"If Mrs. Turner will kindly return the pieces of sugar numbered 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 15, 18, 21, 22, 23 and 25, Messrs. Carter and Murray will be much obliged."

Within half an hour a brand-new bag of lump sugar was sent up by the "skiffy" with Mrs. Turner's compliments. We never missed sugar again.

In various other ways we trained Mrs. Turner, and now she "does us well" in the best sense of the term.

Out of everything we extracted a grain at least of amusement. But these were the least of the benefits we derived from sharing diggings.

A SAVING IN EXPENSE.

In the first place we had more accommodation at a price which was below that charged when the rooms were separately let. Each of us found the advantage of this, for though, strange to say, our tastes were as different as they could be—my friend being given to much reading and I spending every hour out of doors at some form of exercise or sport—we could move with freedom and there was room and to spare for his books and my sporting equipment.

It is not in the least necessary that two men who think of sharing diggings should be alike in tastes. No two men are exactly alike in tastes. Individuality prevents men from becoming like peas in a pod.

We were totally different from each other in ideas, thoughts, work, and play, but we got on famously. We had not joined forces for the sake of anything but companionship.

FIND A PAL.

A man likes to have another man about the place. There is a solid basis of human nature on which firm comradeship can be founded without the necessity of similar views. And a man soon gets fed up with another man's invariable agreement with his own point of view.

Practically any man will do to share diggings with. To go home to rooms where one knows there will be someone to talk to, if only at meals, makes a world of difference to a man. Diggings begin to have an attraction they could never have had before, and life is burdened by one misery the less.

I should not think of living alone again, and I advise every man to share digs. It's good for him every way.

WALTON F. MURRAY.

TEACHER: "What races have dominated Britain since the Norman Conquest?"

LITTLE BOY: "Ascot, Doncaster, Epsom, and Newmarket, ma'am."

"Throw physic to the dogs," he said.

She did.

Next day the dogs were dead.

When horses are too lazy for anything else, they buy them for the Army. A war-horse should always be the kind that will sooner die than run.

THE CURATE: "My little man, when I was a boy I didn't smoke as you do."

THE BOY: "I should think not! There ain't a kid in the alley can inhale like me."

AUTUMN FIRES

AND THEIR FASCINATION.

There comes a time to every man when he feels that he would like to take up a great many of the things he has accumulated and cast them all into some great fire where they would be sure of destruction.

It depends upon a man's temperament, life, character, and habits whether these things are intangible memories and regrets or whether they are merely—old clothes, old letters, weeds from his mental and physical gardens that should, and must, be piled into a heap and burned. And autumn is the time for this burning of the remnants of the past in whatever shape or form they clog a man's path.

To the man of sport, who is perhaps troubled with vain remorse less than most men, the autumn burning takes the physical form, for no man can help gathering round him in the course of a year a whole heap of useless baggage and piles of dusty odds and ends that cry out continually for a douche of paraffin and a lighted match.

The day of clearance is put off till it can be postponed no more, and then comes the conflagration and a sense of infinite relief.

But perhaps this craving for the autumn fire is felt most keenly by the man whose hobby is his garden. He of all men must kindle the flame beneath the great heap that towers higher and higher and higher on the bedraggled earth as each week leaves summer farther behind and its glories a dimmer memory.

He has watched the first green shoots, that defied the late snows, grow up into plants and burst into flowers of many gorgeous colours. He has seen the colours fade and die and the fruit form and ripen. He has plucked, and dug, and eaten, while growth and greenness were abounding. But now the dry and withered and discarded dress is all that remains, and this must be cast into the fire.

The clear, sharp air of autumn has pinched the life out of every stem, the first frosts have stripped the leaves from every branch, and now a great mound of decay and death awaits the final process of destruction. And the gardener hastens to complete Nature's work.

He piles high the fallen leaves, the wrack and rubbish left by summer in her progress, and one calm, clear day he puts fire to the base of the mound and the thing is done.

Unwillingly at first the flames take to their work. Dense folds on folds of slow-moving, gently-rising smoke come rolling from the mound, and here and there through the white clouds a little flame runs up the heap, catching from leaf to leaf.

The gentlest airs will fan the reddening heart into sudden flame, making the fire a very furnace for a moment.

Then with a sudden burst of energy, the flames leap out about the edges, littering the earth with grey and white and deep black ash.

From underneath the mound comes a delicious crackling sound, half smothered, telling of the growing hunger of the flames.

Throughout the day the smouldering mass burns slowly on until the damp, chill evening, when the sweetest of all autumn perfumes spreads about the garden. There is something strangely fascinating in the scent of the burning leaves borne on the crisp autumn air. It brings to mind many of the most attractive features of the open life, suggesting all that is of the earth earthy. No other scent can equal it in sweet suggestiveness. It is a burnt offering full of savour and fit to ascend to appease the mightiest and sternest gods.

And when night settles over the earth the fire glows through the darkness steadily and morning finds it slumbering but still alight, choked somewhat by its own débris, but ready with a little help to burn for many days, until the wealth of summer is a tiny heap of soft grey ash mingling once again with the earth from which it sprang.

C. BYERS.

It's Your Paragraph we Want

THE DOG FOR THE MODERN MAN.

"No canine alien need apply" should be the motto for the Englishman.

Why, when we have our own national breeds, should we wish to possess German boarhounds, Russian wolfhounds, and French poodles?

No! Pluck and faithfulness is ready to our hand in the British bull-dog. Gameness, honesty, and all-round palship is to be found in the fox-terrier.

There is the Irish terrier for the man who wants a dog that can look after himself and his master too; the smart, little die-hard (Scotch terrier) for the sportsman; and the Welsh terrier—game, and hard as nails. Surely a man must be hard to please if none of these satisfies him for a canine chum!

And what's the matter with our spaniels, our retrievers, and our hounds?

England for the English, say I, and English dogs born and bred for all true Englishmen.

CYCLING RUNS THAT ARE NOT PLEASANT MEMORIES.

There was a time when I sacrificed comfort to appearances, and wore a pair of new shoes. I looked smart, but I got pinched like the deuce. Since then I've always made a point of getting used to my shoes beforehand by wearing them in the house, and I don't go in for thin-soled fancy affairs any more. That is just one of my cycling memories that are anything but pleasant. But there are others.

That time that I had a stiff breeze at my back going, and found it so pleasant that I kept on for miles, and had to go back in the teeth of it—pedalling against the wind is no joke when you're fagged. That time I went camping out with a chap who "knew all about it," and we lugged a lot of useless paraphernalia along with us, and forgot all the essentials.

We had a tent that was hopelessly incomplete. Utensils that leaked and a spirit-lamp minus the spirit, while the spot he had chosen was an ideal place for suicide.

It taught me one lesson, however, and that was never blindly to trust a companion who promises to provide the whole camping outfit.

And that time that I myself forgot my lamp and happened to ride through a village hostile to cyclists; the over-zealous and perfectly unbribable "man in blue," and the pedantic luminary on the Bench who thought fit to deliver a lecture as well as impose a fine—I try to forget them.

SMOKERS AND SMOKED.

A fellow reader recently wrote complaining of the habit of non-smokers of invading smoking carriages on the railway.

But there is an even worse abuse to be found on the underground and suburban trains in the neighbourhood of all big cities, and it is one which cannot be altered by any rules or bye-laws, but only by a little thought for others on the part of those concerned.

There are certain carriages on all railways set apart for smoking, and others in which one expects to be free from the smell of tobacco smoke.

I am a smoker myself and like the smell of tobacco in proper place, but there are occasions when I feel that I want neither to smoke myself nor to sit in a tobacco-laden atmosphere.

On a recent journey, therefore, I chose a non-smoking carriage, though it happened to be fuller than those labelled "smoking," and having taken my seat was horrified to see that next to me taken by a working-man in dirty, dusty corduroys.

I have no objection to sitting next a man who earns his living by his hands—I do so myself—even though the contact of his working kit and my best togs may not be good for the latter.

But this particular chap's clothes were so strongly perfumed with the scent of shag that it was difficult to believe, until you looked at him, that he was not smoking a pipe.

If I, a smoker myself, was affected by the nauseating aroma, what must have been the feelings of the ladies in the carriage?

Personally, I think it is my duty, whenever I am in my working clothes, or in any old suit that is impregnated with tobacco smoke, to travel in a smoking carriage, whether I want to smoke or not, and it would be well if others thought the same, and acted on it.

LATE HOLIDAYS.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that one who is compelled by force of circumstances to take his annual vacation late in the year is condemned to a dull time. The fall of the year is in my opinion emphatically *the* time to enjoy a farm holiday, for is not the harvest home, and the fruit picked, byres filled, and storehouse overflowing? Perhaps even the brown earth has been turned by the plough in anticipation of another seed-time, and country folk, the busy time over, have more leisure to entertain the stranger in their midst.

The sportsman is abroad, cub-hunting will be on; a day's threshing on the farm is a novelty in itself to the uninitiated, and a stroll in the gloam-is a source of pleasure to the romantic. Nuts are now to be found in the woods; if one is alert the busy squirrel can be seen laying in his winter's supply.

Let the ploughman's cheery whistle make you feel his own broad good humour. His craft looks easy, doesn't it? Get him to let you hold the plough—it's not so easy as it looks.

To be sure the evenings are long, but our typical countryman can enjoy them. When in the country do as country people do—play draughts, for instance, some of your ploughmen are no mean exponents of the game. And, besides, there is always a jovial fireside circle when the evenings begin to be chilly, who can spin yarns worth hearing, for many a son of the soil has fought for his country abroad, and returned to rural obscurity again, quietly taking up his old life.

I have heard old, old tunes played by rustic pals on such instruments as a fiddle, melodeon, or even mouth-organ, and they have given me more pleasure than the finest concerts in town. Yes; the countryside is attractive in the time when the brown leaves fall, and will appeal, I am sure, when once tasted, to any modern man with a spark of romance in his soul.

WHY DON'T YOU

send us a paragraph for this page? Let it be bright, fresh, and of masculine interest.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates, if your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. J. LAW, 30, Marshall Street, Crossgates, Leeds, for "Late Holidays."

A SWIM AFTER DARK.

There's a sort of luxurious pleasure about a swim after dark, when the day's over and done with, and the stars are peeping down out of the black velvet of the sky, and the moon silvers the surface of the river.

You find the water a bit chilly, perhaps, but that soon goes off and you are conscious of an exhilaration and delight that is not present in the daytime.

You feel that you are alone with Nature.

You disturb a vole, or a rat, or even an otter, who had fancied that they had their haunts to themselves at this hour, and the sedges and reeds rustle as they scurry under them out of your way. You don't have to bother about costume; you can be as primitive as the other denizens of the streams and woodlands.

Mrs. Grundy is city bred, she doesn't exist for you here.

And then you go home feeling like a giant refreshed, not willing to exchange places with an emperor.

Try it.

THE USES OF PEAT MOSS.

Peat moss is both economical, absorbing, and possesses deodorising properties of no small value.

As a litter for bedding horses it is largely used. It absorbs ammonia, and so keeps the stable sweeter and the air purer; while the floor is likewise kept in a cleaner condition by its use.

It has one drawback, however. It is liable to ball in the horse's feet, and undoubtedly makes the coat dirty, as every gust of wind carries it up in clouds.

For poultry-houses it is to be recommended, as it helps to keep at bay the lice which torment the unfortunate inmates.

Peat moss has great healing properties, and I have used it frequently as a healing bedding for cage birds who may happen to injure wing or leg. It is best to place such in a box or basket without perches of any kind, supply them with water and food, well cover the bottom with peat moss carefully broken up, and in most cases the broken bone, or whatever it may be, will be found to be perfectly set in a comparatively short time.

A GARDEN ON THE WINDOW SILL.

I'm a country chap, but I have to live now in London digs. The thing I missed most when I first came was the garden. But I set my wits to work and got some sugar-boxes off a friendly grocer, and in my leisure moments I knocked up a couple of window boxes, and they answered admirably.

Then I spent one Saturday afternoon tramping into the country, and got a lot of earth and some roots. I supplemented this by visiting a big nursery, and obtained some slips and cuttings real cheap.

These I planted, and I watered and looked after them carefully. All did well, so I persevered and made a light trellis-work and fixed it up over the boxes, and trained ivy and a creeper or two over it, until my window became a regular show. By planning I have been enabled to have something green all the year round.

This year I coaxed my landlady into letting me have the flat roof of her scullery to grow things on. It's rather awkward to get at, for I have either to scramble through the staircase window or borrow a neighbour's ladder and set it up in the yard.

But it is worth the trouble, for besides flowers I've got a box of mustard and cress, and I'm cherishing some tomatoes in a home-made frame—just an attempt, you know, at French gardening which pays so well on a large scale.

In fact, I've made that roof into a regular little paradise, of which I'm as proud as the chap who built those Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

And you've no idea what a capital substitute it is for the country, and how it helps a chap from feeling lonely—anyhow, it does me.

A God of Clay

A STUDY.

By ROBERT MOORE.

It was night—a dark, rather dreary night, with no moon to beam romantically on the young man as he walked down the country road that led to his home. The lights of his house were showing bright through the trees.

It did not matter that the wind was chill, that a fine rain blew into his face and eyes. His face, he knew, was burning, and his pulse beating a little quicker in joy—pure, unadulterated, luxurious joy.

Somehow he knew he had lived for this night, had been aching all his life for the triumph that was his now. And he had longed for all this—Gad! and he would have to make himself calm before he could think of what it all meant to him. So he had not prayed for it in vain, after all!

He thrust his hands into his light overcoat pockets, and strode along swiftly, whistling gaily, and breaking off to sing a triumphant pæan—something with a victorious swing, an operatic finish of Sullivan's.

He unlatched the white gate of the broad gravel path that led up to the house door, and flung the gate open. Now for a sort of right royal entry in all the pride—perhaps the foolish pride—of youth triumphant!

No, perhaps that would not do. It did not look well to be too excited before one's family. Besides, they were rather ordinary people, and they would not understand.

Why the deuce was it that they never saw what a splendid chap he was? His brothers were in the habit of joking at him rather, and playing the fool generally. . . . Silly idiots!

And his father had frequently called him some-what harsh names, such as a "slacker." Well, of course, the old guv'nor, never having seen anything of real Life, was prone to think that everyone should clump about in thick boots, gad about the fields and see the men on the farm were sticking to their wretched work, ploughing, harrowing, harvesting—or whatever the season's work might be.

If his father had wanted him to be a plough-boy, why had he educated him up to a higher sphere, so that he had gradually acquired the taste for all that became a man who had a soul, a generous soul, in him? . . . Well, no matter!

Now, to put a calm face on it before the family, a glass of sherry before retiring, and then to the privacy of his own room—to think things out.

He unlatched the door.

A guttering candle burned on the hall table, and the old grandfather's clock was saying its everlasting tick-tock solemnly. Tick-tock. . . . Very ordinary after the light gaiety, the stamp and go, or the sensuous waltz-swing of the ball.

But he was not of that mediocre style himself. He could live above his surroundings (thank heaven)—a farmhouse home, that suggested nothing more than cows and dairies, and the smell of the land.

He took off his coat and hat leisurely in the hall, gave a last approving look at his patents, and taking a long breath and sighing a little, he opened the dining-room door.

"Hallo, Jack! Back then, boy?" His father, nodding over a newspaper in a rather dingy, if amiable, arm-chair, looked up as he entered.

"Hullo, guv'nor."

"And did you enjoy yourself, lad? Nothin' like a little gallivantin' around sometimes—but you must remember that your home's best after all."

"Of course." There was no heartiness in the young man's voice.

The old man returned to the perusal of his paper, and puffed thoughtfully at his meerschaum pipe.

"Better go and draw yourself a glass of beer, boy."

Jack said nothing. He took a bottle of sherry out of the sideboard, and filled a wineglass rather unsteadily.

"Much for a young man at this time of night," his father observed.

"*Is* it? Well, *I* rather like it, thanks."

He raised the glass as in a silent toast.

"I'm going to bed, guv'nor," he said, colourlessly.

"Oh, so'm I. Good-night, Jack."

"Good-night, guv'nor."

The heavy old oaken door closed behind the excellently shaped evening dress, that showed to such advantage on the young man's shoulders.

"Well, well," sighed the old man, carefully folding up the newspaper. "A handsome boy—favours his mother—and I pray God, a good boy. Time, only time will do it, I s'pose. The youngest of 'em and—ah, well, sometimes I don't think he'll ever justify God's exchange—his little life for hers . . ."

Rather wearily, he turned out the lamp and shuffled along the hall. There was a light beneath his son's door.

"Not in bed yet, Jack? Stiff cuffs and shirts I never could bear. Danged trouble to get off, of course. Goo'-night, Jack."

The old man's footsteps died away.

* * * * * * *

In his bedroom, the young man stood before his looking-glass, and he had lit up all the candles in the old-fashioned brass candlesticks on his mantel-piece and round the room—even to the two attached to the cheval-glass. It gave the desired picturesque effect.

Then he looked in the glass. His face was a little pink-flushed, perhaps, but gad! he looked well after his first ball. His eyes were clear and the pupils large, his face clear-cut, a smile trembling round his lips—and, that tailor of his was certainly an artist.

He had missed so many nights—delirious, delicious nights—like the one he had spent. The swing of the last waltz was running through his brain now.

Why had he been such a fool early in the evening, timid to ask for dances—because he was not a member of any of the cliques?

He smoothed his hair back, and looked again. Yes, his was indeed a manly face, and he knew how to use his eyes, he believed. Well, several of the women had told him so, and particularly One.

It was delightful just to recall that scrap from their conservatory conversation.

"You see, Miss Verinder, I felt rather nervous at first. (Somehow, I don't mind telling *you*.) The other men are so much better known, so much luckier in every way."

And then she had said softly:

"Jack, you *must* be a silly boy. Don't you know—why, that you're just the best man here to-night. And what have you to fear with that splendid face of yours, chiselled out like a Greek god's. There, p'r'aps I'm a foolish girl to have told you—like that."

He lit a cigarette and held it for a space between his well-shaped fingers. He had not noticed they *were* well-shaped before, by the way.

Then he regarded himself in the glass again, and let the smoke wreathe his face. . . like a Greek god. She had said so!

He threw himself into an arm-chair and smoked languorously. He had met some very decent fellows at the ball, especially George Verinder.

Now, that man evidently knew a thing or two, and it seemed as if they had known each other years. And in any case, they were already sworn friends, and to-morrow night he was going round to Verinder's house. This meant getting into Verinder's set, just about the most exclusive in the town, too!

"You know I'm a country chap, practically. I'd like to have a night out with you fellows, but p'r'aps I shouldn't be good enough sport," Jack had said to Verinder.

"Sport!" Verinder had exclaimed, tersely; "well, *I* should call you one of the best of 'em. You're more likely to take some holding in, old chap! Where *have* you been burying yourself? That's what I want to know. Guv'nor's farm? How ghastly—of course I won't tell *any* one. Well, you've got it all your own way to-night, anyhow. It's sickening the way the women keep asking who you are!"

Ah, well, what a glorious never-to-be-forgotten night! Jack got up and flung the half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

When he had reached the pyjama stage and was ready to get into bed, he walked round snuffing the lights. . . . But there were his prayers to be said—a boyish custom that did not seem manly on this night of his emancipation.

He stood irresolutely by the side of the bed for a moment. . . . Then, with a long-drawn sigh, he dropped on to his knees and, praying fervently, thanked the Deity for making him comely, strong, and beloved.

* * * * * * *

It was sleepy afternoon, autumnal, but chilly, on the market-place of the township, and Jack, carelessly smoking a cigarette, was strolling about picturesquely on *the* side of the Square. It was the afternoon "after the ball."

At last the person he had longed to see met his gaze.

"And how are you?" she asked. "Wonderful how groggy most of us look to-day. You should see my brother. He's got an 'awful head on him,' he says. That's men's way of putting things, isn't it? Oh, and by the way, perhaps you'd better not come up to-night—because, well, my father might not like it, you know."

"You didn't say so last night, Miss Verinder." There was disappointment in the boy's voice.

"No, but perhaps many of us say such—such impossible things in the heat of the moment, and really—"

"Well, look here, it doesn't matter, because your brother invited me also, so I am, virtually, coming to see him, although—"

He cast an amorous glance at the lady.

"Ah, there *is* my brother—"

"Hullo, Verinder," said Jack.

"Ah, where have I seen you before?" observed young Mr. Verinder. "Oh, the Galeham's ball last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I was just telling Miss Verinder that you had asked me up to dinner to-night."

"Did I? Well, I'm awfully sorry. I'd forgotten—and I'm going to the theatre with some of the chaps, *my* friends, you know."

"Couldn't I make one of the party?" Jack was clutching at the last straw.

The older man observed him rather amusedly.

"Well, I shouldn't mind personally," he said, not unkindly, "but the other chaps, you know—er—don't know you, do they?"

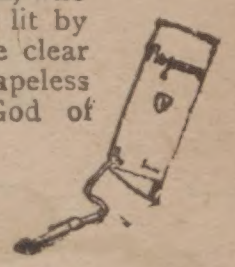
There was no mistaking the real meaning of that remark.

Jack flushed slightly, bit his lip, and muttering vague formulas about "see you later," he strode off swiftly.

He caught a glimpse of his reflection in a shop window.

His face, he observed, wore a bitterly cynical smile.

He had worshipped for a space a false god, who was enthroned in a dazzling shrine, artfully lit by artificial lamps of soft sensuous glow. In the clear sunlight he had found his idol but a shapeless lump of uninteresting nothingness—a God of Clay.



SOME HORSEY MEN.

A FEW RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

There's the Squire, a real old English gentleman. He sits his horse as if he were a part of him, rides straight as a die, doesn't know the meaning of gates when he is on his flea-bitten grey, sits down ostentatiously in his big square pew in the parish church every Sunday morning when the parson comes to that part of the Litany: "From battle, murder, and sudden death."

He's an old soldier, and it's a family trait, that act.

His father died in the trenches at Inkerman.

For his part he prefers sudden death. He says he'd rather die with a scrap of green grass under him and a blue sky overhead, out in the open air, and as Fate loves a sportsman, he'll probably get his desire.

Grand old chap, I hope so!

There's a different type—the Park dandy, who is more concerned about his appearance than his horsemanship.

He is a picture of studied ease from his well-gloved hands to the polish on his horse's hoofs.

His mount is a perfectly trained hack, warranted to do nothing to upset a gentleman.

Then there are those old cavalry men who haunt such places as Leamington and Cheltenham, whose manners are not equal to their valour, and whose courtesy has suffered, like their digestions, from Indian suns, and the thirst that is truly and wholly British.

They are cursed with a liver, and therefore they must ride, although a major's pension does not allow of the keeping of a large stud. And that liver makes things uncomfortable for those who have the misfortune to fall foul of them.

They fancy that the equestrian is lord over all, and that the pedestrian and his dog have no rights.

When anything upsets them their language is as lurid as their memories.

They think nothing of shouting at a fellow, even if he does have a lady with him, and it happens to be her collie who will make sudden rushes into the middle of the road, and startle the old warriors who have lost control of their nerves.

Besides, their seat is not so secure as in the old military saddles. By gad! these old fogies have had their day, and they do not approve of youth. They are only waiting for death to sound the retreat.

Then there is the fashionable riding-master, an imposing figure on his big bay horse.

He knows all there is to know about riding, but personally he takes no risks.

You would not see him riding round a billiard-table for a wager or taking his horse up a staircase for a joke.

In fact he's an adept at opening gates and discovering gaps, and never gets on a horse he does not know.

But he's the best teacher of riding in the Shires and turns out more finished riders than all the military riding schools put together.

He taught Bob Stoner, the crack cross-country rider, for whom the stiffest bull-finch had no terrors, and to whom no brook was too broad for leaping, who rode at a stone wall which every other man in the field had funked, and cleared it with a jest, and who lived to break his neck "down under" when the air was heavy with the scent of wattle blossoms and the stars studded the blue sky in all the glory of a southern midnight.

There is the M.F.H., a genial and courtly individual at all times—except when he forgets that he is a gentleman, and that is when a strange cyclist gets mixed up with the field or some luckless tyro with weak wrists cannot hold in his mount and over-rides one of his hounds.

Then he gives tongue, and he can give points to a London cabby.

Other horsemen, too, have I met, but they have ridden their last race. Perhaps they have reached the happy hunting fields of an older imagination.

Here they are memories.

CHARLES MARJORIBANKS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S GRUB

HOW TO STOKE THE HUMAN ENGINE WHEN YOU WISH TO EXCEL AT SPORT.

It is not so much a question of what he should eat as of what he should avoid. as the advertisement puts it.

The sportsman, as a rule, can eat and drink anything that comes along, and, although he can at times show very decided tastes, and can tell the best from second best without hesitation, he is usually content to take pot-luck.

He thrives on it, too, and even enjoys the uncertainty.

But food becomes of considerable importance to a man when he is actually engaged in some sport which amounts to a test of his sportsmanship and his endurance, and the more severe the test, the greater is the importance of this question.

There is no doubt about the necessity of eating as little as possible during long bouts of sport. The body's energies should never—unless it becomes a question of urgency from some abnormal cause—be divided between exercise and digestion.

Sport, in order to be either enjoyable or healthful, must command a man's concentrated energy, and when the internal machinery is hard at work upon the digestion of a good square meal the rest of the frame can hardly be expected, with reduced supplies of blood, to perform its work properly.

The ordinary common sense of the matter appears to be something after this style. Sport should be left alone until a considerable time has elapsed after a meal.

HEALTH V. SPORT.

If it is a question of sacrificing the sport or the meal (or the health in an endeavour to sacrifice neither one nor the other), then the meal can very well be curtailed.

There are thousands of sportsmen who fail to reach their best development because they give too little heed to this question of food. They leave the office at midday on Saturday, and by two o'clock, or half-past two at the latest, they expect to be ready on the field, or starting for a walk or a ride or a run.

In that brief interval they have to hurry home, hustle through a full meal, scramble into sporting clothes, and tear off to the scene of their afternoon's activities; and when they arrive they are hot, irritable, suffering from stitch in the side and various forms of indigestion, and are in no frame of body or mind to settle down to an afternoon's strenuous sport.

If they had been content with half as much to eat and had allowed themselves even twenty minutes' idleness afterwards with a pipe and a newspaper, they would have felt entirely refreshed and ready.

THE CRITICAL TIME.

The hours from midday till three o'clock in the afternoon are in many ways critical for the sportsman, because he does not take sufficient care of himself during that period.

A week's training may be thrown away if a man goes to the contest at the last moment flurried and flushed, with his mind, his muscles, and his digestion working like three separate machines on three different materials, instead of being turned to the one subject of the sport in hand.

The same rules should apply to the man who takes long walks or cycle rides

Bank up the internal fires well to begin the day; give them time to get well alight without any artificial stimulant, without forcing the pace internally, so to speak; and then set out on the day's journey. It makes all the difference between discomfort and pleasure. While on the road it is as well not to do more than replenish the fire by an occasional mouthful of fuel, either of food or drink.

There is a great temptation to spend half an hour gorging bread-and-cheese and drinking beer at some more or less picturesque wayside inn on these occasions, but I would warn every walker, and especially every cyclist, against this practice.

If the luncheon interval runs to two hours and a half, it hardly matters what a man eats. Beefsteak pudding, apple dumplings, Cheddar cheese, and a pint of stout—which is about the heaviest meal I can think of at the moment—would not be too much in this case. It would have a chance of digestion. But where lunch is an unwilling break of half an hour or twenty minutes, the less one eats and drinks the better.

To those who doubt the truth of these hints, I would suggest the following test: Ride five miles on a bicycle at your ordinary speed; dismount and drink a glass of beer. In ten minutes ride on another five miles at what appears to be your ordinary speed. Then compare the time of the first five with that of the second five.

There is nothing like hastily-drunk beer to retard a cyclist, and the same applies to the sportsman engaged in any other exercise.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

"Why don't you go for a soldier?" asked the magistrate.

"I did once," replied the hooligan, "and he nearly killed me."

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

They were both officers in a crack regiment—both were grand men. Fred six feet and Bob several inches taller, but there their resemblance ceased.

For while the one was a general favourite, the other was only liked by a small circle of intimate friends.

Fred was all things to all men, had a sunny temper, and a charming manner. Bob was taciturn, cold and reserved—"didn't wear his heart on his sleeve," as he was wont to growl in his dry tones.

And some people fell into the error of thinking Fred's pleasing ways covered a shallow, selfish disposition, and that Bob's nature was deeper.

There was more sterling worth about Bob—that was the verdict of his friends. It was all manner with Fred. Both had seen plenty of active service.

And as time went on Bob looked after himself, and if he didn't always get what he wanted, it was his own fault, I reckon.

And Fred? There's a grave out in India where one of the victims of cholera sleeps, and it was Fred who nursed that brother officer through all the stages of that ghastly disease right away to the end—not Bob.

The dead man's kinsfolk wanted to make a hero of Fred, but he said he'd only done what any fellow would have done under the same conditions, and refused their overtures.

Heroes are not always made of rough granite-like stuff and it was the dandified fastidious Fred who performed the kindly "silent" act which, if it did not merit the V.C., at least was worthy of recording.

"Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked the bore.

"Yes," said the busy man. "Make out a cheque to my order for £1,000. I'll endorse it, and in due time it will reach you through your own bank."

Are We Football Mad?

A CONSIDERATION OF AN IMPORTANT PROBLEM.

Those people who are always looking after everybody's business except their own are never tired of telling us that we are going to the dogs because we attend football matches.

Why should we not do so?

The reasons generally given are three: (1) We should play the game ourselves, not watch other people play. (2) We owe it to our country to do our duty by our country in the way of physical and military training instead of attending football matches. (3) We ought to spend the time more profitably.

With regard to the first objection, the average man is in fit condition to play a hard game of football once a week. The office stool is not an appropriate training-place for the football field, and the man who plays football with all his might on a Saturday afternoon is more likely to do himself harm than good.

STILL POSSIBLE.

With regard to the second objection, it is a fact well known to the majority of those who take any interest in football, that it is in no wise opposed to the proper doing of one's duty by one's country. The average Territorial is a thorough sportsman, and as such, he takes an interest in all aspects of the game, including, of course, our national winter game—football. If his drills preclude him from playing in a match, he will enjoy it by proxy by reading the evening papers. When he has a Saturday afternoon to spare, however, he usually spends it in the fresh air watching the game of the best professionals.

The objection that the spectators of a football match would be better employed in studying or in improving themselves in their trades, may readily be dismissed. It is during the afternoon that a man is at his best fit, and study at such a time is not likely to bear much fruit. By breathing the fresh air and keeping his mind enlightened by the interesting details of a well-fought game, on the other hand, he is fitting himself for a strenuous evening's work. That should be his policy.

Other minor objections have been urged against the watching of football, but each can be combated in a similar manner.

AN EXCUSE.

The football match spectator does not worry himself about finding excuses for his predilection, but if he wants to find one here it is:

The person is a sportsman at heart, but there are circumstances which prevent him in actual fact from being one in actual fact. He may not have been endowed by Nature for strenuous physical exertion; he may, in his early days, have been prevented from indulging in sport by parents who were too much afraid of his health; he may work so hard during the week that he has not the energy to take active exercise on Saturday afternoons.

If he cannot play in some form or another, however, he must find an outlet by watching it or by taking some other interest in it.

But how is he to find this interest?

Some men get it by gambling on racecourses; but this is inadvisable unless a man can obtain accurate information?

There are some men who make money by betting on horses, but they are very few, and their opportunities are exceptional. It is safe to say that in the vast majority of cases the backer of horses is a fool whose money soon takes wings unto itself.

Horse racing is one form of what may be called sport by proxy, and in the majority of cases not a good form, for it means that those who participate in it lose their money.

In the case of football, however, there can be no such objection. There is very little betting connected with it, and the bookmaker who will lay the odds on a football match has to be sought out diligently, for he does not present himself to you as he does at a horse race.

In football, therefore, we have impersonal sport without the element of gambling.

A ROUSING TONIC.

There is also a mental tonic of considerable value. To watch skilful players, following the best tactics and playing a good clean game, is to receive a lesson in strategy, courage, and self-restraint.

The impulse to take an interest in physical culture is also a recommendation for football.

To see a number of splendid young men, in the pink of condition, playing this or any other game, is to appreciate the need for taking care of one's body and bringing it to the highest state of perfection.

I have endeavoured to show that there are thus many sound reasons why we should watch football, and no sound reasons why we should not. Let us therefore enjoy our Saturday afternoon spectacle with a clear conscience.

E. Dudley Smith.

Binks (in tears): "She was so noble and kind-hearted."

Hinks: "But I thought she cut off her family without a penny, and left her money to a distant relative."

Binks: "Yes. I am he."

THE GLORIOUS FIRST TIME.

There is nothing that can compare with the glorious rapture of the first time.

The first time a man becomes conscious of his strength—that he realises that he is a man, no longer in leading strings, but master of his fate.

You don't catch up with that time. It stands out, and it stands alone.

The first time you don pink on a glorious hunting morning, with a good horse under you and easy going, and the scent strong and the hounds in full cry. Gad! life's worth the living. No after time quite comes up to it.

The first time a man battles with the elements—swimming against the current, breasting the big waves; the first time you pit your strength and skill against a greater; the first shoot—the heather never smells quite so fragrant, the crisp, pure air never quite so exhilarating, the whirr of the birds as they rise never gives you quite the same thrill, though you grow quite an expert as time goes on; the first match you take part in; the first race—no, nothing is ever quite like that first time.

Then the first time you fall in love, and the first kiss that a man puts on a girl's mouth, isn't there something in it that you never can recapture, however hard you try?

There is a glory about the first that is missed in the second and third. You never overtake it—for it is as evanescent as the pollen on a flower or a butterfly—the bloom on a peach.

But a man treasures the memory of the first time, and it is one that even the old man with the scythe cannot rob him of.

THE WORKER.

A SKETCH.

You, sir, a respectable if none-too-well paid clerk, as you leave your comfortable office sighing, after a day's work done, stroll homewards, thinking what a useful asset you are in the business world, what a worker!

The first you may be, but a real worker, never! The real worker hasn't got arms like a woman and soft hands with long, slender fingers. He never had.

Come with me for a walk round the grimy part of the town and we will look at the workers—the men whose muscles and manual skill play every bit as important a part—aye, even a more important one—in the machinery of life, as the brains of the thinkers, the organisers, the task-masters.

Here we are, outside an iron foundry, black smoke is belching from a dozen chimneys, and a confused hum, sometimes a roar, strikes the ear. Come inside, man! They won't hurt you!

There is a clatter as we cross a steel weigh-bridge, a loud-voiced carter curses his horse for not standing still while his weight is checked.

Two brawny men, bare-armed, deep-chested, and black as sin, are supporting a third, whose white face shows through the grime.

"What's up, Bill?" shouts the timekeeper, standing in his doorway, as they pass.

"Oh! Jack's been d—— careless an' got 'is arm nipped; 'e oughter be in an office, e's not fit for a worker!"

Jack doesn't speak; he's only a "young-un," and is biting his lip in silent agony. He knows that if he opens his mouth he'll give himself away with a moan, and though near fainting, he must be a man.

Silent tears trickle down his face, but the others pretend not to see them, and tell him he's "a plucky kid." A proud look comes into his eyes, he draws himself up, and—then faints into Bill's ready arms.

Ah, well! It's only a broken arm.

Now come along and tread carefully. A deafening roar of escaping steam, throbbing hammers, going clap, clap, clap a hundred times a minute, and moulding white-hot iron as the grocer shapes butter.

Here are the workers. The white arc light shines brilliantly, showing huge castings, throwing weird shadows, and ever throbbing and groaning as if pining for liberty.

They are held in subjection by the workers, gaunt, hard-faced men, with muscles of steel, who risk their lives a dozen times a day for the means of keeping a pale-faced wife and children in a squalid street, with no future to hope for save the same heavy, grinding, task with its fume-laden, overheated atmosphere, which makes old men at fifty.

Here we are in the smiths' shop; a dull red glow from the forge, a piece of white-hot iron is whirled on to the anvil, trailing golden sparks. Two models of Hercules whirl twenty-eight pound hammers as though they were light as feathers.

Clang, clang, the hammers go, hitting the intended spot with deadly precision, making the sparks fly, and the beads of sweat stand out on honest foreheads.

Compare your hand and arm to the rugged fist and brawny arm before you.

Man! He'd break you like a stick! His wife is proud of him, he's her "man" in every sense of the word, cheerful, reliant, sober, perhaps not teetotal, but no worse for that.

Take him all round he is an upright, clean, well-living fellow—the backbone of the nation.

The men who labour to bend iron and steel to the will of man, or tend the vast machines that do the work of many men and answer to the touch of one, seem to acquire something of the strength and toughness of the metal itself.

The iron enters into their soul, making them strong in more than body.

P. Hanson.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXXI. THE BLOOD-STOCK SALE.

Perhaps there is no greater business in the world than racing, which gives employment to thousands in the training stables and on the great racehorse-breeding stud farms.

Here in the peaceful paddocks, far from the madding crowd of the racecourse, colts and fillies — playful little things, leggy and awkward looking—spend the first year of their ingenuous youth blissfully unconscious of what is in store for them ere their second year has properly dawned.

It is, of course, certain that far more care is taken in the breeding of racehorses than in the breeding of kings. Consequently there is nothing so perfect in animal life in this world as a perfect racehorse.

The comparison, perhaps, is odious, but a "classic" filly is a far finer-blooded creature than the loveliest woman in the world to-day, for only the fittest survive ; nowhere does that rule obtain such unbending sway as in the racing stud. On traces of the slightest organic defect being discovered, the animal is at once "weeded out"—sold privately to a dealer in racing failures or mercifully destroyed.

THE SPICE OF DRAMA.

For that unfortunate baby there is no glorious future of the kind enjoyed by its illustrious forebears—no flashing past in a bunch in the straight, presently to draw clear of the field, and with one meteoric dash, to win on the post.

But the yearling colt or filly that has met with the approval of the expert eye of the manager of the stud finds one morning that the quiet, frisky days in the paddock by the side of its dam are over.

With others it is "boxed" at a strange place called a railway station. It is making the first of the many journeys it will take if it proves "useful" and amenable to the hands of the most finished horsemen in the world—the jockeys who ride on our English Turf to-day.

Then comes the youngster's first introduction to the public. Making considerable objection to the gaze of the impertinent many, he is led into the world-famous Tattersall's sale paddocks and from thence to the sale ring.

CALM AND QUIET.

Now there is no fuss at a blood-stock sale. The gentleman in the rostrum wields a white ivory hammer and talks in hundreds or thousands of guineas with the very essence of unconcern, which it does the soul good to hear. He also talks in apparent riddles to those who understand not the mysteries of "family number," "tracing back to so-and-so," "sister in blood to —" and so on.

Thus the yearling son of the equine aristocracy is "shown" to the best judges of horseflesh in the world, while the auctioneer quietly states his pedigree.

"Own brothers" and "half-brothers" to horses that have won a name for themselves and a fortune for their owners on the Turf are, of course, considered the pick of the lots. They are of the blood that wins, made of the stuff that can land the "classics," and the price they fetch is beyond the purse of aught but millionaires or keen speculators with a peerless banking account.

Alas ! it is but too frequently that some "own brother" to an Oaks or Derby winner ends up his days in small handicaps, having failed conspicuously in every great "Breeders'" or "Stud Produce" stakes—even perhaps in the small Metropolitan Park "Nurseries."

But far back in the past, on that day when there was a great rustling of catalogues and an excited buzz of comment as he entered the sale ring, he was accorded unbounded respect and admiration.

The very "best people" of the Turf are gathered around the ring—the nobility and gentry that give tone and backbone to racing. There also are a few of those who race in a large way to make money—a business affair pure and simple. But these are the giants of the racing world, and on terms of open friendship with peers.

The smart, well-groomed appearance of all of them speaks of great opulence. The hundreds or thousands of guineas they are presently bidding in are perhaps but little more to them than their nod to the auctioneer.

EXPERTS, ONE AND ALL.

All have that expert and critical eye, or, in the case of the nobility, their trainer places his expert experience at their disposal. His lordship "leaves it" to the trainer.

But, apart from the bidding, the sale ring is not without its reminiscences or touches of romance. You see some of the "Old Brigade," white-haired gentlemen who have been pillars of racing since their youth, exchanging remarks and recalling old days with friends who are themselves well on in life's race.

"Tracing back to Bend Or," the auctioneer concludes.

Bend Or ! The old fellows recall that great light of other days. They are back in the times when luxurious race trains were not ; when a gentleman had to hire a broken-down gig and drive to the course from the nearest town, all for the pure love of the sport that our purists revile.

A PRIZE INDEED.

The bidding has commenced. This is a shapely colt, possessing all the highest qualifications. He moves about restlessly in the ring, and lashes out by way of protest, every few seconds.

By a Derby winner out of a sister to an Oaks winner, own brother to a horse that landed the Jockey Club Stakes, tracing back to the Stockwell blood—what an excellent "lot."

His lordship's trainer clears his throat and bids a couple of thousand guineas.

A speculator makes it "twenty-five hundred."

A dark-complexioned gentleman, buying for one of the great Continental stables, nods "and again."

"Go on !" says a great gambling man, who buys the very best cattle.

The trainer consults with his noble Owner. The auctioneer catches his eye.

"Four thousand guineas, I'm bid, for this yearling."

"And five hundred," says the notorious gambler, calmly.

But his lordship intends to make a last offer.

"Five thousand," says the trainer.

"And five hundred," comes smartly from the gambler's lips. The auctioneer looks round the ring.

"Going at five thousand five hundred guineas —— Gone !'

The yearling is led out. For him, after the racing army has assembled in the spring, there are great things to do, and to win—the big stakes, or, mayhap, the whip.

BERNARD MACKLIN.

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE.

AN APPEAL TO YOU.

I deplore the fact that the spirit of adventure is dying out of the British race. That one so seldom comes across an individual who is dominated by it is proof that there is justification for the lamenta-

Nations are composed of individuals ; empires are built up by individuals ; and reason that England is the foremost nation of the world to-day is because the spirit of adventure has been strong and virile in English generations.

There is the swing of the pendulum to all things ; there are ebbs and flows of every kind of spirit. It seems to-day that we, English, are at a low ebb in commerce, in education, in energy, in invention, but more than in that spirit of adventure which has made us what we are.

How have we come to lose it? Lethargy.

I am almost tempted to wish that we were plunged into a fierce and sanguinary war so that the spirit might be re-awakened in us.

It is our birthright. Every one of us in our schooldays and youth was swayed by it.

This spirit of adventure dies as we grow older, except with a few of us. We admire, but we do not strive to emulate. We have become flabby, soft-tissued, timid.

The hordes of spectators at a football match are living proof of the death of the spirit of adventure within us. We look on and let others do the work, run risks, enjoy sport. Our sport is in watching them and yelling ourselves hoarse with enthusiasm at the deeds of others.

Watching, forsooth ! The only kind of pardonable is that shown by Nelson with his eye. The spirit of adventure made him blind to any opportunity of shirking. He was full of pride of race, he gloried in risks, he always made straight for danger.

What becomes of that belief, that grand uplifting belief of our youth, that we shall do something fine before we die? All we want then is to make our mark. We feel possibilities within us for scaling mountains. We come to crawling along the plains.

We needn't. It is not the foolish spirit of idealism which hard fact smites down ; it is the spirit of adventure which we allow to die, because we forget about it.

Lieutenant Shackleton has not sent a thrill through our blood because of the service he has rendered to science, but because he is a fearless adventurer.

Venturesome characters draw unto them the adulation of the fearful, and they scorn adulation. The heart that is content to bow down to the achievements of another wants crushing under heel.

Imagine this vision with me ! All the young men of England gathered together into one mighty army, shining sword aloft, cheering to the echo the spirit that dares, full of that spirit themselves.

Lord God of Hosts ! There would be little fear for our future then !

We are become rotted by commerce, sloth through ease. We want to take the natures and squeeze all the dirty water out.

There need be no advertisement, no reclame. The time is like to come—and then—when we shall be called upon to show what spirit of adventure still lives in us, and by that there is we shall stand or fall.

Education will not fit us to be a mechanical precision with this or that formidable. We must show our mettle by our spirit of adventure.

To you, personally, I appeal. Fling your mind back to the time when you were all hope, when life was an enemy to be encountered and beaten. To the deuce with compromise ! Out with your weapons ! Brighten and sharpen them !

The spirit of adventure rings like a clarion through the centuries of English history. With us to-day it has dwindled to a squeak. I would that it were a trumpet-call.

A. G. STONE.

His Lordship's Guest.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By G. R. HARDY.

When the sun rose over the chimney-pots of Aberfechle it awakened Andrew MacPherson. It smiled to him, as he stretched his arms along the pillow, that he was beginning life afresh.

Yesterday had seen his graduation as a doctor, an event in anticipation of which he had been working for years, but now that it was all past, he felt that sense of irresponsibility which a man experiences when he loses a job he has been in for a long time.

When he got downstairs he found his mother radiant with delight.

"Oh, Andrew," she said, "just look at the letter I've got from Lady Drumtochty! Read it for yourself." And she handed her son the following communication:

"My dear Mrs. MacPherson,—It was with the greatest pleasure that I read of your son's brilliant achievement in graduating with so much distinction. I am sure that after his hard work he must be tired out, and I should be most happy if he would come and stay with us for a fortnight to recuperate. Lord Drumtochty joins me in all kindest wishes to yourself and Andrew.

"Yours affectionately,

"Beatrice Drumtochty."

"Well," said Andrew, "I don't want to go. Lady Drumtochty is very kind, but she belongs to a different class from ours. I'm sure I'd feel awkward."

"But no' so very certain about the different class," replied his mother. "You must remember that you are a MacPherson and that I am a MacPherson.

"In the old days when we lived beside the Drumtochtys in Perthshire, they were very badly off, but your father and I were both sorry for them, and many a time did we ask them to shoot over our ground when they had let their own shooting. I think that that made the friendship between Lady Drumtochty and me, and, be it said to her credit, she has always been as nice since our troubles began as she was before.

"You won't remember it Andrew—you were only three at the time—but your father got into difficulties, and his estate was seized by creditors. That broke his heart, and he died. Just about that time a cousin of Lord Drumtochty died, too, leaving his lordship several fine estates in England and nearly a million of money. Just the see-saw of fortune, I suppose, so we must not grumble."

"That's all very well, mother," said Andrew. "Once upon a time we may have been as good as the Drumtochtys, and maybe a little bit better off, but it's not so now. If I went to this place of theirs at Winningham, I'd feel like a duck out of water, with all their grand servants. You know I've never had but the one servant all the time I remember."

"Never forget yourself, my laddie," said his mother. "You are a gentleman and a gentleman's son, and nobody could be more. What need you care for a pack of servants? If you'd accept her ladyship's invitation it would give me the greatest joy. Just think of it, that I should live to read in the papers of my son, Dr. Andrew MacPherson, being the guest of Lord and Lady Drumtochty!"

Thus was the resistance of Andrew beaten down. He wrote to her ladyship, accepting her invitation, and informing her of the time of his arrival. Then one evening Andrew seated himself in a first-class carriage, and next morning he arrived in London, and finally reached Waterloo, where he took train to Winningham. At the bookstall he purchased a treatise on etiquette, and the first part of his journey he spent in poring over it.

"The table napkin," it informed him, "is provided not only as a protection to the clothes, but also for use in wiping the mouth occasionally, but not ostentatiously. People are apt to forget that food leaves traces on the lips, and nothing looks worse than the remainder of the matutinal egg smeared across one's mouth."

"What twaddle!" said Andrew, as he pitched the book out of the window. "Politeness is a matter of heart, and if I just behave as what I am and don't pretend to be anything else, I'll get on all right."

Presently the train reached the station next to Winningham, and Andrew took down his silk hat from the rack.

He was, by the way, wearing a frocker, for in all accounts of English society, and in all pictures thereof, this appeared to be the favourite attire for men. He had bought this, his first frocker, for the ceremony of graduation, and he did not greatly relish having to wear it every day for a fortnight, but he was prepared to bow to the dictates of fashion.

In his Gladstone bag he had an evening dress suit and some changes of linen.

As the train steamed into the little country station he observed an immaculate and extremely dignified footman standing in the middle of the platform. Andrew got out, pulling his bag after him, and was making his way towards the exit when the footman approached him.

"Mr. MacPherson, sir," he asked, touching his hat.

"Yes," replied Andrew.

"His lordship has sent the 'bus for your luggage, sir," continued the footman, "and the carriage is waiting for you. Would you kindly point out your valet, sir?"

Andrew felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Oh, my valet," he said. "I haven't brought him along."

He could have sworn the footman's eyebrows rose in mild surprise.

"Then if you will follow me, sir," he said, "I'll show you to the carriage, and return to see to your luggage."

Andrew followed him to the carriage, stumbled in and seated himself, leaving the footman to fetch the gladstone bag and to go in search of other luggage which did not exist. Presently the footman returned with the bag, which he placed on the roof of the omnibus.

"I am afraid there has been some mistake in regard to your luggage, sir," he said. "The guard assures me that there is nothing in his van with your name on it."

"Never mind," said Andrew. "Probably its gone wrong at the junction where I had to change. It will come on by the next train."

At this the footman touched his hat, took his seat by the coachman, and off they went towards Winningham Abbey, the huge omnibus lumbering on behind, with Andrew's one bag perched on the roof.

"Damn those infernal servants!" he muttered to himself. "They make me feel as if I could sink through the earth."

When the carriage turned in at the Abbey gates he passed a number of young men in rough tweed suits and gaiters. They were carrying guns, and Andrew, settling in his mind that they must be keepers, wondered vaguely how much Lord Drumtochty's wages bill amounted to in a week.

When he drew up at the house, the carriage door was opened by the footman, and Andrew made an unfortunate miscalculation about the step. He smiled awkwardly and went up to the front door.

The door was immediately opened by another immaculate footman, and an extremely dignified old gentleman with a very solemn face came forward to meet him. Andrew was about to shake him by the hand, when the old gentleman said:

"His lordship, sir, is in the library. Shall you go to him now or would you rather go up to your room?"

While Andrew was debating which would be the correct thing to do, all doubts were settled by the opening of a door and the appearance of a man who might have been taken for a gamekeeper or a land steward, but who, by his resemblance to a picture in the family album, Andrew recognised as Lord Drumtochty.

"Hullo, boy!" cried his lordship, his face beaming with delight at sight of a fellow-countryman. "You've had a long journey of it from the far North. Come into the library and have a drink with me before you do anything else."

It would be difficult to say whether the lack of ceremony in the old lord was not more disconcerting to Andrew than the excess of it in the servants.

He followed his host into the library, where the latter poured out two stiff nobblers of Scotch, toasted his guest, and drank off one at a gulp.

Andrew sipped his slowly and cautiously, and for the first time he failed to appreciate the delicacy of flavour in his national beverage. He felt, moreover, rather uncomfortable at being so much better dressed than his lordship.

His discomfiture was complete when there trooped into the library the young men whom he had supposed to be keepers, and who were now introduced to him as the Honourable This, Sir So-and-So That, and Lord the Other.

He was the only man wearing black in the whole room till the butler came in to see what the gentlemen desired in the way of further refreshment, and Andrew felt as uncomfortable as it is possible for a healthy young man to do.

His host explained that they had been out potting pheasants that morning, and that they were all going to the meet of the Cotsford Hounds at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Of course," he said, "you'll come with us."

But Andrew pleaded the fatigue of the journey, and timidly asked if he might be shown to his room.

Once there, he seated himself, gazed blankly at the ceiling, and uttered a prolonged whistle. Scarcely had he done so, when there came a tap at the door, and Andrew jumped to his feet before saying "Come in."

The butler entered slowly and with much dignity.

"As you have not brought your valet, sir, perhaps you would like the third footman to look after you. He has been accustomed to do valet's work."

Andrew had never been dressed by anyone in his life, and the very suggestion made him feel uncomfortable, but the proposal having come from the dignified butler, he felt that it would not be the correct thing to refuse, and so, in a weak moment, he assented.

The butler took his departure, and a few moments later the third footman presented himself, unstrapped Andrew's bag without instructions, and laid out his evening dress clothes. When the man perceived all that the bag contained, he looked the astonishment he was too well trained to voice. Andrew bit his lip and said nothing.

Presently the time for lunch arrived, and he took his place at table, the only frock-coated person in the room.

Lady Drumtochty and her eldest son tried to bring the conversation round to those subjects in which Andrew might be considered to take an interest, but their efforts were lamentable failures. He was too much afraid of doing the incorrect thing to answer in more than monosyllables.

After lunch he watched the house party, men and women, ride off to the meet, and he felt how completely he was out of it.

Though an athlete and an enthusiast in all sports which had come within the reach of hi-

purse, he could not ride, but this again was a thing he would not have ventured to confess, and he excused himself on the score of fatigue.

At dinner that night he had the satisfaction of finding himself for once dressed like the other men, for all were in evening clothes.

The only outward distinction between them and the new-comer was that, while they were supremely unconscious of their attire, he could not refrain from slipping his hand up now and again to see whether his tie was in the right place.

After dinner the men played billiards—at least, all except Andrew, for he had regarded this particular game as a waste of time, and had left it alone.

In the billiard room Lord Drumbeg, his host's son, endeavoured to draw out the young Scot.

"I say, Mac," he remarked, "are you an admirer of Lauder?"

"No," replied Andrew, "I think Lauder's very common."

At this there were shrieks of laughter, and the Honourable Bertie Scattlemore, always spoken of as "Skittles," repeated with great gusto, "Ver—r—ry co—min! Oh, Mac, I'm afraid I'll never acquire the accent of the chosen people. I must get you to teach me."

Andrew's eyes flashed fire, for he saw no humour whatsoever in his accent, and the laugh he had raised had been perfectly unpremeditated on his part.

He took one step towards "Skittles," then he wheeled about, left the billiard room, and betook himself to his bedroom. On arriving there he rang the bell, and the third footman appeared.

"Find the man who met me at the station," said Andrew, "and send him here."

When the immaculate footman appeared, Andrew electrified him by the following speech:

"I have not got a valet, and never had one. No luggage has been lost, because a Gladstone bag is all I brought. Now leave this room at once, or I'll kick you out."

And so it was that throughout the servants' hall that night there spread the rumour that the new guest was hopelessly mad.

In the billiard room most regarded his departure as a new development of Scotch humour, and Skittles remarked:

"He is such a funny chap! Just fancy wearing a frock-coat all day out here. I believe he contemplates appearing in a kilt and a topper in the morning."

That night Andrew slipped quietly out by the front door, which fortunately was unguarded by a footman.

He had already consulted a map in the billiard room, and without much difficulty he found his way into Buckford, a neighbouring village. It was well past nine when he reached it, but the little grocer's shop, where the Post Office business was transacted, was still open, and Andrew left a telegram which was to be dispatched to himself at the very earliest opportunity next morning.

Then he returned to the Abbey.

He gave his special attendant instructions that if a telegram should arrive for him next day it should be brought to him at once. Then he retired to bed.

He was ready dressed next morning long before the tap came to his door, and the expected wire was handed to him.

"Come at once," it read. "The business is a matter of life and death."

He tore off the office postmark, so that the place of origin should not be betrayed, and placed it in his pocket. The telegram itself he crumpled up and threw in the fireplace, where he knew it would be duly read and digested.

Then he wrote a brief note of excuse to his host and hostess, gave himself the supreme satisfaction of packing his bag, and to the footman's unfeigned astonishment, refused all means of conveyance to the station.

As Lord Drumtochty dressed himself that morning he glanced out at the window and saw a stalwart figure disappearing at the other end of the drive, wearing a frock-coat and tile hat and with a Gladstone bag mounted on his shoulder.

NIGHT ON THE MOOR

And universal darkness buries all.—POPE.

The moor is a treacherous tract and only those who know its character, and such as are not bewildered by its superficial monotony, should venture upon it unaccompanied after nightfall.

And, indeed, it affords a finer experience in every way to start out a little before sunset, and to get well away from the neighbourhood of human habitations before night has fallen.

The onset of darkness is accomplished amid much splendour here as in every other wide space of earth. No shadows are cast athwart the pastures when the sun sinks low, for there are no trees to break up his splendid progress.

The late sunlight floods the moor and adds a lustre to the fine colours of the cattle, and gives a mellow radiance to the new thatch of the hay-stacks.

SUNSET.

Slowly the sun falls into the very moor itself, leaving calm and restfulness behind. On the eastern horizon the sky has lost its transparent light, and there rises higher and higher the dim hue of night, that is neither cloud nor mist, but only unillumined space.

The moor expands, its edges recede farther and farther into the distance, the hills disappear, and a sense of utter isolation comes upon the watcher as all traces of human life are blotted out.

Then from innumerable points low down across the moor tiny cottage lights begin to appear in clusters, here marking the position of a village; singly there, where one lonely dwelling stands.

Faintly through the haze comes the clank of milk-pails and the voices of the milkers driving the cattle forth again into the fields.

But these sounds do not continue for long, and when darkness has spread to the west, save for the pale reflection of the sun in his course towards the north below the horizon, deep peace settles down—

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

SILENCE.

It is unbroken and intense for a spell, marking the interval between the cessation of all the toil of day, and the stranger activities of the creatures of the night.

Soon we realise that the old proverb that "Night is a good shepherd, for she brings all creatures home" is only half a truth, for another life begins to stir about the lonely moor.

Great bats fly high over the pastures, filling the air with their "tsic, tsic"; the moorhen stirs in the reedy dykes, and his cheery but unmusical croak breaks harshly upon the stillness, and seems to rend the filmy haze.

As the round harvest moon clears the tree tops on the encircling hills and rides into clearer air his sovereign-yellow light reveals the birds' silent passage on the water.

LIFE.

Towards the sluggish river can be heard the voice of a wary drake leading the flight to the nightly feeding grounds, and as we listen to the sound again we can hear somewhere overhead the wheezing noise made by the wings of the birds as they wheel about before alighting with a splash and a splash into some shallow dyke.

Right and left incessantly the corncrake's double call goes on monotonously hour after hour. Long before signs of the dawn appear, the orchards that cling to the farmsteads and mounds of the hills begin again to lament and mourn, their cries floating across in eerie wailing snatches.

Cattle rise from their chewing and lying to graze, and with the first fading of the darkness a noisy straggling stream of rooks passes overhead.

LIGHT.

By almost imperceptible but sure degrees the light comes up from the east. The hills take shape again and familiar features of the landscape emerge from the vague mass of darkness.

With solemn beating of his great wings a heron leaves the dyke near at hand where he has stood patiently all night. He rises high in the air, and the sun, as yet behind the hill, gilds his breast feathers with a richer tone.

Walking back to the village at the hill-footway we are just in time to see the work of another day beginning in the cottages and farms.

SOME REMARKS.

Too many cooks spoil the family's reputation.

* * *

A married reader says the best aim is his wife's elbow.

* * *

It's better to go slow than to get up so much speed that you can't stop.

* * *

Some men are born great; others grate on one.

* * *

Marriage is a failure only in the eyes of those who have tried to get married and can't.

* * *

An indulgent husband may or may not be all right. It depends on what he indulges in.

* * *

No matter how ugly a baby is, you must praise its mother by saying it looks like her.

* * *

A tram-car runs twice as fast when you're trying to catch it as when you're riding in it.

* * *

A modest man is one who never expresses his opinion of himself.

* * *

Family pride is what we have; snobbishness is what other people have.

* * *

If mistakes were copyrighted it would be impossible to make one without infringing on some other fellow's patent.

* * *

The need of an excuse is the mother of invention.

* * *

Some people save up money by doing without something they want in order to be able to buy something they don't want.

* * *

It's much easier to apologise to a big man than to a little one.

* * *

It's the ambition of the professional strong man to live up to his photographs.

* * *

If people didn't want to have such large corns they wouldn't have such large corns.

* * *

Of two evils choose the prettier.

A COUNTRY DANCE.

SOME TIPS FOR COUNTRY READERS WHO WANT A BIT OF EXCITEMENT.

As we had a couple of friends staying with us, and as time in the country—particularly in an Irish country district—passes rather more slowly than in town, someone suggested a dance, the guests to be folks of the neighbourhood, and the expenses to be borne by ourselves.

The first thing was to find a suitable arena, and, we at length decided upon the barn, we proceeded to clean it.

It was no easy job, I can assure you. The walls hung in festoons fully two or three feet from the roof, and all the windows were covered with dirt.

After working half a day, however, we succeeded in giving it a more presentable appearance. The curtains—or "Irish curtains" as someone has called them—were all down and the windows washed. As there were three doors and five windows we had plenty of light to work in.

DECORATING THE BARN.

At last the dirty part of our work was finished and we set about the finishing touches—those artistic strokes which would, we hoped, show the touch of the master hand!

From corner to corner of the roof we tied long lengths of rope, attaching to them branches of evergreen, and we adorned the edges of the roof with similar decoration.

A singular stroke of good fortune we unearthed several old carpets. These we nailed against the stone walls, and a very fantastic and fairly pleasing mural decoration they made. Anyhow they helped to rob the place of its coldness.

From the beams we suspended three swinging lamps, and at one end of the barn we nailed three ordinary kitchen lamps.

All nails in the floor were carefully hammered in.

At regular intervals round the edge of the room were placed logs of wood, and on top of these we laid planks, upon which we had previously tacked pieces of carpet.

THE SUPPER ROOM.

The upper end of this particular barn was about a foot higher than the lower portion. At the end of this raised part of the floor we put all the rubbish and hid it from view by a large green curtain.

In front of the dais we reserved for supper, which was placed on a long table.

Finally we sprinkled half a tin of dancing polish over the floor. The boards were so dry that more would have been suicidal.

Our toilet was complete.

The dance was to begin at eight o'clock, and a quarter to the hour the people began to arrive, and in less than ten minutes all but a few stragglers had arrived.

Everyone was dressed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and some of the colour effects exhibited on the ladies' dresses were little short of marvellous.

THE BAND.

A word as to our music. We managed to get together two flute-players and two who were fairly competent on the concertina.

The flute-players kept excellent time, and were invaluable in their efforts to "put stame," as they termed it, into their music.

They were accompanied by a boy beating a home-made tambourine, contrived from goat's skin which had been previously buried in the earth with some lime to take off the hair.

Punctually at eight the dancing began. Everyone was inclined shy at first, but eventually eight of the more adventurous spirits got up and started a real old country "set."

This with this encouragement the blood of the timid was fired, and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, eight more couples were dancing merrily away.

The floor was just slippy enough, and soon the

fun began in real earnest, the men swinging the girls from one side of the room to the other.

All too soon the "set" was got through, and the dancers sat down, but not for long. A barn dance was the next item, and at it they went again.

Almost everyone was dancing now except a few old people, who came only to chaperone the girls and look on. We ourselves were enjoying it as much as anyone.

REFRESHMENTS.

After this dance a glass of foaming stout was handed round to all the men, and lemonade and ginger wine to the women and those of the men who were teetotalers.

The drink had the usual effect, and the fun waxed more furious than ever.

A waltz was now commenced and I stood and watched the couples as they whirled round the room.

Leading the dance was one of our best hands, and a jollier personage it would be difficult to imagine. Although rapidly nearing the fifties, he was the life and soul of the party. Of middle height, with dark-coloured beard, seamed here and there with streaks of grey, and possessed of sparkling brown eyes, he was an "extra fine" example of our Irish peasant.

Second only to him was the local gamekeeper, young, well over middle height, clean-shaven, and muscular.

A COMELY COUPLE.

Then there was the postman, his face bronzed by constant exposure to wind and sun. Dressed in his uniform he lent an element of the picturesque to the assemblage.

With him was dancing a pretty country lass, to whom, rumour hath it, he is engaged. Anyway, she was wearing a ring on the usual finger, though she laughingly protested that it belonged to her "grandma."

At ten o'clock the dancing was suspended, while supper was served at one end of the barn, and a hearty country meal it was.

The interval lasted about an hour, and then the dancing began again.

At this point there arrived two young wags, dressed in frocks belonging to their sisters. Their feet and legs were adorned with football boots and striped stockings, and they high-kicked in a manner that would have done credit—or the reverse—to a Gaiety girl.

The fun, broken by intervals in which different drinks were handed round, went on until five o'clock a.m.

Then as the grey light of dawn came filtering through the windows the dancers sadly realised that it was time to go.

C. Godfrey-Kilroy.

THE TOWNSMAN'S SPORT.

WHERE HE SCORES OVER THE COUNTRYMAN.

Though he may sometimes think with envy of the countryman, who has the football or cricket field at his cottage door, who has the land to ride across, the covers to shoot in, and the stream to fish in, the townsman is not so badly off for sporting advantages as he is sometimes inclined to think.

It is true that he has to travel, perhaps, a little farther than the door of his house before he can reach the field or the club ground or the rifle butts, or the stables, when he treats himself to an occasional but much-enjoyed gallop on suburban open spaces.

But there are advantages which compensate him fully for these minor drawbacks, and if he is the least mindful of them he will be the first to admit that the town and sport are not mutually destructive influences.

The one great advantage which the town-dwelling sportsman enjoys over the countryman is that he has a much wider choice of sports. This choice is practically only limited by his own inclinations, for the opportunities for all sorts of athletic and field sports are many and varied.

If he were in the heart of the country he would find far fewer chances of varying his sport. He might have to devote himself all through one season to one game or sport, and only change it for a long spell of another when the season changed.

But in the town he derives immense benefit from the superior organisation which offers him innumerable outlooks for his skill and energy and virile strength of manhood.

This surely should be obvious to him, that whereas in the village he might, if fortunate, get a daily game of cricket and perhaps of quoits behind the village inn, in the town he can choose whatever sport appeals to him with practical certainty of being able to gratify his desire.

Another very important aspect of town sport is that it brings with it greater competition, and consequently a higher level of all-round sportsmanship.

The village cricket team offers little competition to the individual, but in the town club, where there are innumerable members, the competition is very keen. There a man has the advantage of pitting his own skill against not only many others just as skilful, but many others skilful in a great variety of ways. He has some chance of perfecting himself when surrounded by such a variety of competition and example.

The social side of this aspect of the question is an important one also. There are as many characters worth knowing as there are sportsmen.

Every sportsman, whatever he excels in and whatever his status or nature, is worth knowing. He is a sportsman first and last, but, as we all know, this does not mean that he is made to pattern, as it were. His sportsmanship makes him human and clubbable and companionable and attractive, whatever form it takes, but every sportsman has his view of sport modified and qualified in one way or another by what is called the personal equation.

This is not the same in any two men. It is this personal element that gives half its character and more than half its pleasantness to sporting companionship. There is such a variety of ways in which excellence in sport may be attained, and each man is an exponent of his own way.

There is no royal road to first-class sportsmanship. Each man must work out his own ideas, and the exchange of these among sportsmen constitutes one of the pleasures of life. In towns this can be done without limit, since the membership of athletic clubs runs into high figures.

The best advice a man can have when he goes to a big town is this—join the largest athletic club you can get into. The larger it is the better scope will it give you to stretch your limbs, so to speak, and that is what you most need.

M. Bruce.

A GAY DOG.

A SKETCH.

Oh! yes, he "knew life," and much good had it done him, judging by his looks. In his tired eyes was the reflection of Piccadilly—Piccadilly when the grey Bats flit up and down beckoning into the outer darkness!

He was only just verging on middle age when I knew him, but I have known much older men years younger.

They had still hobbies and interests. He had nothing but shattered illusions—that was perhaps the reason.

He had run through the whole gamut of human passions which, summed up, makes what is known as Pleasure, and the dust and ashes of mortality were already on his lips, though the grave was not yet open to receive him.

In his mirthless laugh there was a moral; in his smile, which was no smile, there was a warning.

He had started his career at the Bar brilliantly, had he chosen to work there were no legal honours he might not have aspired to.

But he loved the haunts of fashion better than the grey Temple, threw aside his law books for "women's looks" and the folly they taught.

He drank freely of the red wine of pleasure instead of deep draughts of learning. He was spoken of as a gay dog, and his elders hoped he would sow his wild oats quickly.

But they were doomed to disappointment; the young dog grew into an old dog, but he was still "gay." He had been cursed with a private fortune, and he had chosen to let ambition slide.

Then afterwards when the *woman* crossed his path it was too late. In her eyes he was a leper and she let him know it.

He sought the society of the Bats after that, and fell away farther than ever from the region she inhabited.

He was no longer a fascinating individual, for his manners had deteriorated with his morals.

He was such a reckless gambler that his fortune, ample as it was, barely sufficed, and when the end came he was a poor man.

Occasionally he went out of his way to do a good turn. He saved at least one pigeon ready for plucking from the clutches of the hawks among which he had fallen.

"There are times when excitement palls on me," he said, considering that such Quixotic behaviour as saving a fellow-creature from disaster demanded some sort of excuse.

If the young fool went headlong to destruction afterwards it was not his fault.

As time went on his evil life stamped its impress on his features so indelibly that all who saw could read. And some of the most hardened of the Bats would shrink away from him, afraid of the hell in his face. Not even the gold in his palm would tempt them.

And at such times he would laugh and quote Anacreon.

The last time I saw him he was lying dead, all the evil turmoil, the fierce desires, frozen into a marble stillness. The slave of his own foul passions was freed at last.

There was neither remorse nor fear, only a marvellous calm.

The manner of his death was this. Perhaps, who knows, it may have made up for his virtue's "short measure."

He had been strolling idly, aimlessly, as was his wont, through his favourite haunts, on the *qui vive* for a pretty girl or an old acquaintance, when the hoot of a motor roused him.

He glanced up. An old woman nearing her alloted span and belonging to a class with whom he had naught in common, was crossing the road right in front of the car. The deafness of age, as well as the motor, was upon her.

The man of pleasure saw her danger before either the chauffeur or she herself realised it. He made a dart forward. The woman was saved to live out her few remaining years. But the gay dog had had his day.

FREDERICK WELSH.

MY NOTEBOOK.

IN THE STABLE. I am afraid I have nothing much to write about this week. I have been trying to think of some subject or topic of interest, but up to the present I have failed lamentably.

Therefore, I suppose, I must drift on to the usual personal tack.

It has just struck me that if I cannot write anything of interest this week, you may at least care to know how "My Notebook" is written.

I write it in all sorts of odd places. Sometimes it is done in the train; sometimes I dictate it in my office; sometimes I write it in my study at home.

Now I am writing it in the stable, seated on an upturned bucket, with a sack folded between me and it to take off the sharpness of the edge.

I do not know whether I am damaging my interests from a business point of view in taking you into the private editorial life. I doubt very much whether there is one other London editor who writes his weekly chat seated on a stable-bucket, but I am afraid that in these weekly notes I have never tried to be either diplomatic or prudent. I have simply written down what occurred to me in passing.

ATHOLL. If you looked into my stable at the present moment I think you would be rather pleased.

The walls are coloured a pale blue, which is restful to a horse's eyes, and which admirably sets off Atholl, my most particular friend.

He has already finished the apple which I brought out to him, and has cooled down after the hard spin we had together this evening. Now he is munching his corn placidly.

Sometimes he lifts his head to have a nibble at the hay in the rack above him; sometimes he turns round to look at your humble writer. And very pretty he is when he turns round, for he has a white blaze down his face, and it shows up in the lamplight against the chestnut of the rest of him.

I have taken down the stable-lamp from its usual nail, and have hung it on another nearer the floor, so that it shines over my shoulder and enables me to see to write.

My terrier—a smooth-haired, black and white fox—has seated himself by the side of the pail, and has discovered a comfortable resting-place for his chin in a fold of my breeches.

PALS. We three are very good pals.

You may remember that the last time I told you about my interest in horses I mentioned that my hack at that time was fairly satisfactory.

Being only fairly so, I had to get rid of him. He and I were never pals. It is one of my weaknesses—or, some have said, part of my strength—that I like to be pals with every living creature, be he man, horse, or dog, with whom I am brought into intimate contact. When you feel that those about you are absolutely and wholly your friends, you have additional confidence in yourself, and it is through self-confidence—unjustified, I daresay—that I have managed to obtain the things I wanted.

Atholl is one of those things. He is the sort of possession that a man may well work hard to obtain.

His pedigree can be traced further back than mine. He is a son of Red Squire, the famous hunter champion; and, on his mother's side, his great-grandsire was Blair Atholl, winner of the Derby, after whom he is named.

He and I understand one another very thoroughly. He is keen on his work, or on his pleasure, whichever he considers it to be; he is as anxious to carry me as I am to ride him, and my only trouble is that I have not the time to ride him enough.

Week-ends I stick to him pretty closely, but on other days I have to content myself with an hour in the saddle in the morning and a little longer in the evening.

This amount of exercise is by no means sufficient for his lordship, and I have to surrender him to other hands for a spell of exercise each afternoon.

OUR INTRODUCTION. I remember the first time I mounted him.

He is only a young [illegible] and a half to be exact, but when I first bought him he was particularly fresh.

I had got my left foot in the stirrup, but the very instant I touched the saddle, he bucked.

It was absolutely unexpected, so far as I was concerned, and down I went over his off shoulder. I do not mind admitting it.

I regretted this incident at the time, and I imagine that during the next ten minutes he had cause to regret it also, but now it is forgotten by both of us.

After all, a man thinks no less of a horse for having a bit of superfluous spirit.

POSSESSION. I have stopped writing for a moment and have been looking at him, and he is worth looking at.

While I have been in at supper, he has been rubbed down and bedded up for the night, and his night rug, with my three initials embroidered upon the back of it, is upon him. He is a dear old chap, and it makes up for a good deal of hard work in London to be able to have your initials upon the like of him.

He and Dick, my terrier, are the best of friends—in fact, the friendship of the three of us is pretty well equal. Both of them are ready for an outing whenever I am, and, I blush to confess it, not infrequently they want to go out when I am too tired or too lazy to take them.

The stable is the first place I visit in the morning and the last at night, and generally I find Dick comfortably curled up beneath Atholl's chin.

AN ACCIDENT. Once I was awakened by a [illegible] hubbub, and, throwing on my dressing-gown, I went out to the stable, to discover that Atholl had accidentally trod upon Dick's foot.

The poor little chap was yelling and holding up his paw, and if ever a horse was ashamed of himself for his clumsiness, Atholl was so at that moment.

I picked the terrier up, put some laudanum on his foot to deaden the pain at once, bandaged it, and brought him back with me to my bedroom.

I kept him out of the stable till the foot was perfectly well again, but when I finally allowed him to return both he and the horse made a great fuss of one another.

BY WAY OF APOLOGY. I am afraid that this week I have been all horses and dogs, and I daresay my remarks have been offensive to many readers of a more [illegible] temperament than mine, but I would ask them to remember that, although in my [illegible] devoted to horses and dogs and sport generally, yet during that part of the day which is devoted to business I do not think that if you met me you would consider me to be incompetent.

I believe in a man having varied interests and acute ones. To think during his leisure hours of things absolutely different from those to which he gives his attention in business has a [illegible] and refreshing effect upon the mind—and I think it has such an effect upon the body, and, after all, a man is half an animal, and, I imagine, half of his pleasures are of the purely animal variety.

To gallop over a meadow and to set your horse at a fence is by no means an intellectual pursuit. The delight is purely an animal one, but none the less it is intense. Possibly I esteem it too much, but you must always remember my point of view, and the fact that, perhaps, there is a little too much of the animal about me.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

POPULAR MEN.

IV.—THE MAN WHO CAN LOSE HIS GAME AND KEEP HIS TEMPER.

How often have we heard men remark that they would rather play against So-and-so than anyone else—"he is such a good loser."

It is not only a matter of not losing one's temper and throwing things about. There is more in being a good loser than that.

It is, indeed, one of the hardest things in the world to take a licking with an unruffled good humour, and with one feeling towards his conqueror absolutely untinged with resentment. This may not show itself in actual conduct or bearing, but there are more subtle ways of making one's own disappointment and anger plain than by their outward expression.

The man who is really popular is he who, after a severe drubbing, will not only take it with a good grace but will show by every word and every action that he almost enjoyed the process. He will not hesitate to express his admiration of his opponent's victory, and he will tacitly agree that he himself is only the second best.

There will be no mean attempt to find excuses. He will have no "ifs" about the matter. He has been beaten, and beaten on level ground by the better man. To suggest that the other fellow's victory was due to any fortuitous chance is beyond him. Such a method of explanation does not come into his conception of the sportsman's code. Moreover, it would imply that his opponent had had unfair advantages, and no man cares to attribute his opponent's victory to anything but sheer ability. It would not be "cricket."

The loser is put through a very severe test in the course of his sports. There are many men to whom one particular sport raises such violent heat within them, in the event of failure to win, that it requires a great struggle to keep a calm and dignified exterior.

The man who can walk with a smile back to the tent after being given out leg-before-wicket has a right to the title of a good loser. Is anything in all the world of sport more aggravating than this?

The game of tennis, too, than which there are few faster and better all-round means of exercise, and in which there are extraordinary demands for skill, is one of the surest means of telling a good loser. The winner places the balls every time just beyond reach, while the loser's returns seem to fall pleasantly on to the very racquet of his opponent. The score mounts up, and game after game is lost.

There is in this process something peculiarly aggravating and irritating to a keen player, and he is indeed happy if he possesses the necessary control and philosophic spirit to recognise the causes of his defeat rather than to rail ineffectually about the other man's "luck."

The good loser goes into every game with a confidence and a will to win, and when he has seen victory taken from him he does not change. To the end his pleasure is to play the game hard and to the best of his ability and strength. By so doing he shows respect for his opponent.

It is thus a sportsman's duty to lose well, and with a good grace. No man cares to win a game when he sees that it is at the cost of his opponent's temper. It was known to both at the outset that only one could win, and to show irrational irritation when victory falls to the other man is to drop far in the estimation of all sportsmen.

On the other hand, a man who, in the face of a very well-fought game, comes out the loser and yet preserves his even temper and his dignity goes up in their estimation though he is doing nothing that is exceptional and no more than he should do.

He is popular because those who have watched both have seen the forces he had to contend with, and their own knowledge of the loser's feelings will be some guide to the struggle he has had and the temptations to unsportsmanlike conduct that he has surmounted.

G. C. HAMILTON.

"Is it possible to get THE MODERN MAN for a week back?" asked the customer.

"A porous plaster would be better," replied the newsagent.

* * *

It was a mean but ingenious man who started a side-show at Blackpool with a huge notice: "Threepence to see the swimming match."

Inside was a match floating on a basin of water.

* * *

"The only thing these verses lack," said the editor to the poet, "is fire." And he dropped them in the grate.

* * *

"How is the razor, sir?"

"Wouldn't know I was being shaved."

"Glad to——"

"I'd think I was being sand-papered."

* * *

"This powder," said the chemist, "will cure your insomnia."

"How do I take it?"

"Don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk."

* * *

CHOLLY: "How do you manage to see with that single eyeglass of yours?"

GAWGE: "Easily, deah boy. I see with the othah eye."

* * *

THE BASHFUL LOVER: "Miss Emily, I—er—hem!"

EMILY: "Really? Wouldn't you like to join our sewing class?"

* * *

"Why do you work so hard?" asked the lazy man.

"I don't know exactly," replied the successful merchant, "but I suppose my reward will come four generations hence, when some young man is enabled by my exertions to wear a monocle and say 'Bai Jowve' instead of working."

* * *

"Noggs is the meanest man I know."

"What's he done?"

"Every time I borrowed his lawn-mower he used to send round and borrow my bicycle. I had to give it up."

* * *

The beauty editor was on holiday when this query reached the office of a contemporary: "How can I get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"—PHYLLIS.

The sporting editor was doing the beauty man's work for a time, and he replied: "Phyllis, dear, push the young man away."

* * *

PROSPECTIVE LODGER: "The 'use of piano' is no benefit to me. I don't play."

LANDLADY: "Oh, but you'd have the use of it all the same, sir. My daughter is always a-practisin'."

* * *

"Now you may ask me questions," said the teacher.

"How long would it take to blow up a bicycle tyre with a fountain-pen filler?" asked the little boy.

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REMOVAL ESTIMATES FREE.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

Just as it is most important to the general health that the teeth should be in good order and free from decay, so it is most necessary to see that the eyes are properly looked after if you want to keep fit.

With the teeth the effect is purely physical, resulting from the want of proper mastication and so on, but with defective eyesight that is not corrected by the use of glasses, the effects of the strain on the brain and nerves are even more serious.

Perfect eyesight is the most precious and valuable asset a man can possess, and yet how carelessly the average person appears to consider it. Nothing is really worse for the eyes than reading in a moving vehicle, such as a train or 'bus, yet nine out of ten men study a newspaper under the worst possible conditions—bad light, shifting shadows—which entail a severe strain on the delicate optic nerves.

The correct position for reading with the least possible strain on the eyes is to sit with the back to the light so that it falls over the shoulder—the head should be held up, not stooping nor bent forward, and the paper or book held at convenient level.

It is a relief for the eyes occasionally to look away from the printed matter. Very small type should be avoided. Well printed, clear, light type should be chosen. Avoid reading in the twilight. Pains in the head, or just above and at the back of the eyes, are indicative of eye strain, and a visit to the oculist should be paid without delay.

Opening and shutting the eyes in cold water is strengthening, and will relieve burning sensations, and cold tea is useful in allaying inflammation.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

You will observe that all three of the exercises which I am giving this week are devoted to the development more especially of the legs.

There are no parts of the body which better repay a systematic effort to improve their development or in which strength is more important to the general fitness and adaptability to sport and work alike, although the average physical culturist devotes his attention rather to his arms and to the acquisition of a portentous biceps.

A matter of balance and grit.

The exercise here depicted needs a simple apparatus in the form of a wooden-seated chair.

Stand on this, and, by bending the knees forward (not outwards, as in the next exercise), sink upon the heels.

Now shift the entire weight on to the right foot and when you have regained your balance slowly straighten out the left leg until you assume the position shown in the sketch.

Remain thus until the strain forces you to return the left foot to the seat of the chair. Then rest a moment, without rising to the perpendicular, and repeat the movement with the right leg raised.

The exercise has the advantage that both legs are being fully exercised at the same time, but in a different manner. The strain, as far as the leg raised is concerned, is mainly on the muscles of the thigh, while the other leg is occupied with keeping the balance, and thus every muscle is brought into play and the ankle and knee-joints are also fully exercised.

HAVE YOU A HEALTHY SKIN?

A perfectly healthy skin ought to be smooth, soft, and velvety to the touch. But, to possess it, the blood must be in an absolutely pure state. The skin throws off impurities as well as the lungs.

Unless the pores are active and open, the skin cannot be healthy. Exercise, correct diet, and perfect cleanliness are the chief aids to obtain a healthy skin. Hot baths should be taken before retiring once or twice a week, and always the cold tub first thing in the morning. A brisk rub down with flesh-brush or coarse towel, ten minutes devotion to exercise, and you feel a new man again.

Plain wholesome food only should be eaten. Fried messes should be avoided or many sweet dishes; plenty of vegetables and fruit, and as much pure cold water to drink as you want.

And if you want a skin like a statue of Apollo in bronze take this tip—give your whole body a sun-bath whenever you have the opportunity.

A SUPPLING EXERCISE.

This is a slight variant of one of the simplest and best of physical culture exercises, and one which should be practised frequently by the man who wishes to devote special attention to leg development, especially if he has an eye to increasing his height.

One of the finest exercises going.

It is also invaluable as a means of training for any sport, such as running, rowing, cycling, walking, or football, hockey and so on, where suppleness and strength of the lower limbs is all-important.

Stand erect with the heels together and toes well separated.

Clench the fists and tense the arm muscles, holding the arms away from the body with the wrists bent downwards as in the illustration.

Sink slowly down until you are actually sitting on your heels, bending the knees outwards, pause a second, and then rise again slowly to the starting position, drop the hands to the side, and repeat the process from the beginning about ten times.

Do it with a will, concentrating your attention on the work in hand, and you can have no finer exercise for developing the legs and keeping them supple.

PERSONAL TUITION.

Professor Inch has forwarded to me copies of various letters which he has sent to his pupils at various times. His object was to prove to me that he took a personal and individual interest in every pupil.

It was not necessary for him to furnish me with any such evidence, for I have personal knowledge of his methods gleaned from various sources.

For example, a recent reference which I made to Professor Inch on this page, brought forth many comments from readers, and every one was favourable, and highly so.

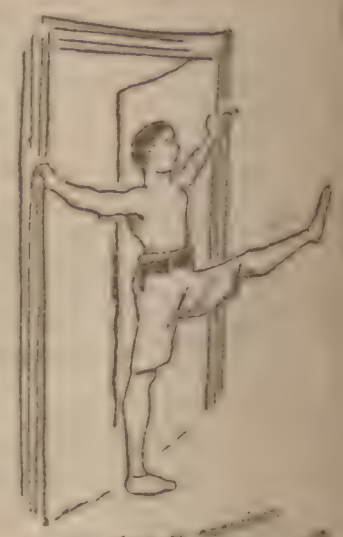
One reader tells me that on his casually mentioning to Professor Inch that he was competing in a quarter-mile race, he was promptly forwarded a recipe for an embrocation and was also given many valuable hints; he informs me also that Professor Inch presented him with several valuable books, no mention of which had been made in the prospectus.

This is as it should be, and I can most confidently recommend all readers who require personal attention in the matter of physical culture, to place themselves in the expert hands of Professor Inch, of The Broadway, Fulham.

FOR THE THIGH MUSCLES

This exercise is a simple one often used by acrobats and dancers for gaining suppleness and developing the lower limbs.

Open your bedroom door, and, standing with your heels together in line with the threshold, grasp the lintel on either side firmly, with the arms raised slightly above the shoulders.



The door as gymnasium.

Now raise one leg slowly from the hip, keeping it absolutely straight. The strain at first will be considerable, but you must set your teeth and stick to it, forcing the leg as high as possible.

It will no doubt be some time before you can get above the perpendicular, but, with patience and perseverance, you should in time be able to perform a high kick of which a *première danseuse* might be proud.

Be careful, however, not to do a sharp kick the first instance. It is easy to raise the leg by this means, but there is considerable risk of strain by a sudden jerk of this kind. Also the benefit of the exercise is lost, for it is the slow, steady movement that counts.

Half a dozen times with each leg will be quite enough for one morning's work, but the development of the thigh muscles is greatly helped, and, indeed, the whole body will profit greatly. The grasp on the door-posts, besides keeping the balance, helps to open out the chest and maintain an erect position.

WALKING.

Walking is the most natural, and therefore the best, exercise in the world.

Unfortunately, in these days of taxi-cabs, electric broughams, and motor-buses, walking is in danger of becoming a lost art. In fact some pessimists declare that future generations will have no use for legs at all.

There is a right way and a wrong way to walk. All athletes have testified to the virtues of walking, and include it in their daily training. A good sharp walk is a capital pick-me-up, and the best tonic in the world.

It is best to accustom oneself gradually to the exercise. A long heavy walk to one totally out of form is a mistake. Equally so are spasmodic walks—ten miles to-day and half a mile to-morrow.

It is best to make walking a daily institution, and gradually increase the pace and the distance as the body tones up to the work.

Walking provides exercise for all the muscles of the body. It is a "system," provided free, gratis, and for nothing.

Walk from the hip, not from the knee. Just bend the knee just sufficiently to clear the ground; swing the leg from the hip—the heel should touch the ground first, not the toe—make a slight spring from the ball of the foot on making another stride.

Step out, and always remember to walk from the hip.

Balance is retained by swinging the arms right and left in correspondence with left and right legs. Head should be held up, and chest out. Excessive arm-swinging is very ugly and unnatural.

A graceful, easy carriage of body should be aimed at. The feet should be put down firmly and raised lightly, so that all the world can tell that "a man has passed this way."

Thin socks should be avoided; woollen are best. Blisters can be removed by rubbing the night with a little tallow mixed with spirits; better not to prick blisters; it only makes the feet sore, and, if further walking is intended, they will break soon enough.

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"BAD TIMES."

A WORD WITH ATHLETES.

Of course you know them, those terrible moments when your "bad time" comes, and, an athlete with victory almost in your grasp, you find your strength leaving you, and, be you boxer, runner, cyclist, or what not, you keep on your legs or drive the pedals round only by sheer effort of will.

The "bad time" may take one in the lungs, or the heart, or the head, but mostly it is one's legs that go first, or, anyway, it is when the legs go that one is practically done for.

I remember once winning a nice bet over a boxing match through knowing what an ominous sign it is when a man goes groggy in his legs.

It looked any odds on one combatant, who had scarce a mark on him, whereas the other had been badly battered and was all bruised and bloody.

But the pummelled one, though a sorry spectacle, was firm on his "pins"; the other, from the effect of one or two hard body punches, was by no means steady on his feet.

I took the odds that were so freely laid on him, and "landed" them.

However, my intention was not to write about my own astuteness, but to utter a word of warning in regard to "bad times."

A plucky athlete's natural instinct is to struggle on after Nature has given him warning to stop.

Well, it is a fine spirit that, and everyone likes to see a man game to the last.

Further, there are some "bad times" that may be endured and lived through. The runner may well recover from a stitch; the boxer by playing for safety may regain the strength and senses that were almost scattered by that hook on the jaw; the cyclist whose legs feel as if they had ceased to belong to him may yet win through, especially if he can and has the sense to change to another and lower-geared machine.

But undoubtedly many athletes—excellent chaps, but with hearts too big for their bodies—persevere after they are really beaten, to the serious injury of themselves and also of sport.

Also of sport, I say, because it is men like these who die suddenly and prematurely, and make people think that athletics killed them, whereas they were the victims of their own folly.

It is foolish to defy Nature, and the wise athlete knows when he has had enough, gracefully acknowledges the fact, and lives to a ripe old age.

As soon as any contest or exercise begins to involve physical suffering take a breather or drop it altogether.

However, if it be foolish to struggle on, once your energy is really spent, it is simply suicidal to try to restore your vanished strength by means of stimulants or other "dopes."

The dope may enable you to get past the post first, but only at a terrible cost. Artificially to galvanise the exhausted heart and lungs into renewed action is to make a certainty of permanently injuring these vital organs.

Besides, it is so unsportsmanlike. What credit is there in winning a race when it was strychnine or some other powerful drug that got you first to the tape, and not your natural powers?

A man is not a good sportsman if he puts some trumpery cup or medal before the greatest of God's gifts, health. He must be too keen on winning to be a true sportsman.

Moreover, if he knocks himself up in sport, he is unfitting himself for the serious business of life, and that is something of a crime.

There is no remedy for a really "bad time," and the good sportsman who experiences one will recognise that he has taken on something beyond his natural powers and give up.

There is another and not nearly so serious a kind of "bad time" that affects all athletes—that sickening day, week, or it may be months, when you go stale.

A horrible feeling that of staleness, and well known to all game players.

You can't hit a ball; shots that were perfectly easy to you now present untold difficulties; there is no life in your stroke or in you.

Nature's warning again; you have been playing too much. There is only one cure for staleness, and that is absolute abstention from the game or sport in question.

Many athletes fancy that they can play or force themselves into form again.

That is a great mistake. Stop playing; that is the only cure for the "bad time" of exhaustion or of staleness.

The sensible athlete never over-tires himself. Make the best use you can of your powers, of course, but when brain begins to reel, heart to jump, lungs to sob, and legs to sag under you—stop! "Bad times" are not to be trifled with.

F. VERE DICKINSON.

"Put this note where it will attract the Editor's attention when he comes in," said the visitor to the green office boy.

And the boy dutifully stuck a pin in it, point upwards, and laid the missive on the editorial chair.

THE IDEAL SMOKER.

There are some men who smoke because they have nothing better to do, and to them the holding of something between the lips is a matter of habit rather than of pleasure.

In many cases they would be just as well satisfied if they chewed a straw as if they were smoking the choicest Turkish cigarette.

But the smoker who is really worth considering is the man who takes an intense delight in tobacco, who studies his palate, who nurses his pipe, and who attends to every point in smoking as closely as does the enthusiastic horseman to all that appertains to his mount.

The smoker who takes an interest in his habit, and who exacts the fullest enjoyment from it, is nearly always an economist.

He will not smoke an expensive cigar out of doors—especially in a high wind—because he knows that the circumstances do not permit [illegible] full enjoyment of the weed, and that an ordinary threepenny would serve the purpose just as well.

If he be a pipe-smoker he is scientific in the selection of a briar.

He will not have one with a very small bore, because he knows that a pipe of this description brings the smoke to a point where it touches his tongue, and that, therefore, the latter is liable to be blistered.

He is the tobacconist's delight, because he does the tobacco full justice. He does not [illegible] when it is really the pipe that is at fault.

He appreciates the value of variety.

Though generally a devotee of one brand of tobacco or cigarette, he knows that his palate appreciates a change, and occasionally he indulges in a smoke of a different make from usual.

Seldom is he extravagant, for he discovers some comparatively cheap tobacco that suits his taste, and for the enjoyment of smoking it is not necessary to be a man of wealth.

He finds out from various sources economical methods of satisfying his needs. He may send to Greece or Turkey for cigarettes that cost him less than half what he would have to pay for a similar quality in London, and he takes pride in the discovery of some house in Holland which will supply him with cigars at a penny apiece, better ones, too, than those for which our British tobacconists charge us sixpence. He has to pay duty on his imports, but, even so, he saves [illegible]

In these, as in many other matters connected with smoking, he takes a keen interest, and he smokes, if one may use the expression, scientifically.

POLLY: "Pa, you might shut your [illegible] door when gentlemen call on me. Your snores are something fierce."

PA: "Well, it won't hurt them."

POLLY: "No, but I'm afraid they might think it was hereditary."

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Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

I have just come back from a business trip to Manchester, and in the hotel where I was staying I saw something which suggests this article.

It was a large place and fairly expensive, and I would not have supposed that such matters as a gas-burner being turned too high would escape the attention of the management ; but any supposition would be wrong, for in that hotel, as I was to learn, every little detail is carefully attended to by the proprietor himself.

I was reading an evening paper in the lounge, waiting for the arrival of a man with whom I had an appointment.

The gas above the mantelpiece was blowing rather, being too far turned on.

Presently the proprietor came into the lounge, walked over to the burner in question, and turned it down just a little.

He did not know that I was a business man, like himself, and when I looked up he said :

"You cannot get servants to be careful, no matter how well you pay them. I take a pride in the fact that my staff are better paid than any others occupying similar positions, but, in spite of it, they will waste things.

"Here you have an example. This burner was unnecessarily consuming more gas than was required, and the force of it was rapidly destroying the mantle."

He spoke candidly that I wondered he had time to attend to such details as this while he was running after such a large business.

"It is by attending to such details," he said, "that I manage to make a profit out of this place. Merely turning down the gas in this case is only a question of the frame of mind—or whatever it is—that has made me successful. The personal supervision, which was the cause of my observing the little bit of waste, also prompts me to look into all details of the supply accounts, and in them I find it is not a case of saving only a penny an evening, as I have done with this burner, but sometimes several pounds each day.

"Moreover, my staff know that it is my habit to overlook the whole establishment, and everything is connected with it.

"The heads of the various departments have, of course, the right to buy things, but they know that their accounts are subject to my closest scrutiny, and that, if I find that even a scrubbing-brush has been bought at a dearer price than necessary, I should have something to say about it.

"Of course, it is impossible for me to see every account, but my employees never know which one will receive my attention, and therefore they are careful with them all."

The principle is a very sound one, and when you have an idea like this it is a simple matter to obtain further proofs of its utility from your own experience.

The personal supervision exercised by this particular hotel proprietor had rather a deterrent than stimulating effect upon his staff. It simply kept them from being extravagant.

But personal supervision of the right kind can do more than this. I have in mind a patent case of a large way of business.

The men of his position would sit at their desks all day in their own private offices, and give instructions and receive reports, but he frequently goes to the draughtsmen's office, and assists with an actual diagram, and I have known him take off his jacket in the model-making room and lend a hand with the making of some particularly intricate model.

It is not every man that could do this sort of thing without a loss of dignity.

Some men require to keep themselves aloof if they are to avoid the contempt that familiarity breeds, but the man of whom I am now speaking is cast in a stronger mould.

The impression he gives his assistants is not that he is lowering himself by doing part of their work, but that he is much more clever than they are, even at their own particular task, and they respect him for it.

When a chief actually does a bit of an assistant's work, it gives that assistant a higher esteem for his own particular duties ; they cease to appear trivial, as he once thought them, and he realises their importance in the conduct and welfare of the business. It is when a man realises the importance of his task that he turns out superior work.

To every employer, whether he be in a large way or in a small way of business, and to every manager, I would say that his policy should always be one of personal supervision.

Personal supervision must not be confused with fussiness.

The man who is continually interfering with his workpeople is regarded as a nuisance.

They say anything to him, generally the things that he wants said, just to get rid of him, for they regard him as a hindrance, and not as a help.

The efficient employer or manager, on the other hand, does his work unobtrusively. He makes allowance for forgetfulness and neglect, and never gives a reprimand unless it is necessary.

Moreover, he never gives one unjustly, thus avoiding the necessity for apologising to his staff.

As I write this and recall the various instances of personal supervision that have come within my experience, I can recall several cases where businesses have been saved from disaster by the men chiefly concerned realising the need for personal supervision.

They have spotted or checked a loss in time to save the situation.

Should your own business not be doing so well as it might, I should strongly commend this system to you.

LOSING HEART.

No matter whether you are an employer or an employee, there are times when you lose courage.

You have had a disappointment with something quite unconnected with business, or you may simply be feeling out of sorts in a physical way ; then you do not blame the world at large for your feeling of depression, but your business and those you meet in connection with it.

As an employer, you begin to wonder whether the game is worth the candle, whether the worry of running a business is worth while.

As an employee, it occurs to you forcibly that you are in the wrong job—that your chances would be better elsewhere or abroad.

For the time being you have lost heart.

There are many occasions when a candid view of the situation is highly advisable, and often the best thing you can possibly do is to give up your present work and try something else.

But such a resolve should never be come to when you are feeling down in the mouth.

All ideas that occur to you when you are not "feeling the thing" should be brushed ruthlessly aside.

If, on the other hand, the idea of a change comes to you some bright morning when you are feeling more than usually well, the change is probably an advisable step.

OFFICE BOYS.

The furnishing of an office is admitted to be an asset to most business men, for from the furniture one gathers an impression of opulence—or the reverse.

The same thing applies to the people in or about the office.

If a visitor is received by a grubby youngster, with a dirty collar and hands and a truculent manner, he instinctively thinks that this boy is not being sufficiently well paid, and that therefore the business is not in such a prosperous way as it might be.

It is not always, however, that the truculence or untidiness of an office boy is due to the smallness of his wages.

Frequently it is merely an evidence of the weakness of his character. He is, as he would probably express it, "gittin' his own back." He has been, as he would also express it, "put upon" by the clerks and especially by any lady typists who may be in the office, for, strangely enough, the lady typist is generally a heartless tyrant to the office boy.

The office boy knows that it is not policy to voice his resentment to those above him, and he does it to visitors more by his manner than by actual words.

The first thing in dealing with office boys is, of course, to engage the right type of youngster.

A bright, mannerly—but not servile—boy is the best.

Generally his character is strong enough, and he has sufficient self-respect to behave himself as he ought to do. But the temper of even this model youngster may be ruffled by injustice on the part of the other members of the staff, and it should be the employer's outlook to see that no petty tyrannies are permitted.

Pay your office boy sufficiently, do not tyrannise over him or allow anyone else to do so, keep an eye on him—for he needs some discipline and supervision—and you will have a youngster who will be a credit to your establishment.

TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS.

The telephone is, of course, a mixed blessing It enables business to be carried through more expeditiously, but it also prevents many men from taking exercise as they used to in the old days.

Once upon a time when the business man required to consult someone else, he would put his hat on and go to that person's office, but now he simply picks up the telephone receiver and talks to him while still seated at his desk.

But, in spite of making people lazy, and in spite of all other drawbacks—and they are very minor ones, after all—the telephone is now indispensable to the well-equipped business establishment.

There is one point, however, which ought to be remembered when the telephone is being used.

It is that the instrument does not permit of absolute secrecy.

The girl at the company's exchange may listen, but she does not count, for her position is a confidential one, and, besides, she hears so many conversations that she does not remember any of them.

But although this applies to the girls in the company's exchange, it does not apply in every case to the girls in charge of private exchanges.

It is now customary in large houses to have one wire which can be connected, by the operator in charge, with any department, and the girl in question may, and very often does, listen to what is passing over the wire.

It must be remembered that she is only an employee, that she may be under notice, and that she may give to her next employer an account of all she has learned from your conversation.

It is a safe rule not to say any more on the telephone than you would write on a postcard, which is open to the inspection of so many.

Business conversations are often like boomerangs ; they come back and hit you, unless you are cautious.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXX.
THE UNWILLING HERO.

Richard came walking through the machine shop in time to see one of his workmen deal the foreman a heavy blow in the face.

The foreman promptly countered, and his opponent staggered back, only to snatch up a loose piece of iron and return to the attack, his right arm swinging.

The next moment his wrist was gripped by fingers of steel, the arm wrenched upwards and back, and the man dropped his weapon with a howl of pain.

"That'll do, Wilson!" said Richard.

"Be damned to you!" was the savage retort, and frustration of his intention made the man's face go murderous.

He stooped to secure the iron again, but Richard put his foot on it.

"That'll do," repeated Richard quietly, but the quietness only belonged to his voice, for, as Wilson dragged violently at his leg, he drove his fist against his head with surprising suddenness, and sent him rolling.

All the other workmen in the shop looked their way, and there was an audible laugh.

Richard turned calmly to the foreman.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"He's drunk—look out, sir!" shouted the foreman, and dodged.

An iron billet went twirling by.

"Hold that fool!" called Richard, and a couple of men left their machines quickly and seized the infuriated man.

"Go on," continued Richard to the foreman.

"He's drunk, sir," explained the foreman. "He's bin drinkin' all day. His machine's bin turnin' out faulty stuff for the last hour, and when I ordered him to shut off power and set the trouble right he turned on me."

A sense of injury was now making the foreman enraged.

"The swine!" he muttered. "I've a good mind to bang him."

Joe Wilson was still making futile attempts to get free, and was cursing with bloodthirsty vehemence.

"Loose him," said Richard briefly.

The men eyed him doubtfully, then obeyed.

Something in Richard's eye also cowed Wilson, and he stood still and sullen.

"I ain't drunk," he growled. "'E's a bloomin' liar who ses I am."

"Drunk or not, I allow no insubordination here," returned Richard. "Every man in the place knows that, and knows the penalty. Go up to the office and draw your pay, and get out."

"Me!" exclaimed Wilson furiously. "I'll see yo' in 'ell fust. I'll put yer light out, yer ——!"

He took a step forward, his elbow drawn back. Richard made no move. There was an exchange of stares, evil on one side, unperturbed on the other. Then Wilson's shoulders drooped with his courage, and he slouched past towards the offices, attempting a defiant swagger.

"That machine ready for testing?" asked Richard of the foreman, dismissing the incident entirely from his mind.

The other hands resumed their work.

II.

But the matter was not to end there. A few days later a clerk entered Richard's office and announced that Mrs. Wilson wished to see him.

"Joe Wilson's wife?" queried Richard, with a flash of memory.

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Show her in."

Mrs. Wilson came in, displaying the nervousness which the atmosphere of an office always seems to create in the women of the lower classes. Perhaps it is that they associate it with interviews at hospitals.

"Hullo! Mrs. Wilson!" said Richard, cheerfully, noticing her black eye at a glance.

She was a middle-aged woman with a crushed expression, but it brightened at the greeting.

There was a way about Richard which made, invariably, its instant appeal to all of her sex.

She came forward slowly, her hands holding her shawl about her.

"I want to talk to yo' about Joe," she said.

"Go ahead, then."

Richard smiled at her. He guessed what was coming. Joe had obeyed the usual dictation of rage, vented his spite on something weaker than himself, repented, and now sent the weaker one to plead his cause.

Such behaviour was common, and generally resulted in Richard acquiescing. He rarely allowed a good workman to go in want of a job through an act of folly. He knew that women and children had to pay the worse penalty.

But he was a little out of his reckoning in this case.

"We 'ad a bit of a row last night," she continued. "It worn't Joe's fault any more'n mine, but 'e happened to do it in the street, and of course the copper nabbed 'im."

Her care to exonerate her husband would have been comical had it not been pathetic.

"Then 'e was fool enough," she went on apologetically, "to go for 'im, and so 'e got took to the lock-up, and my lad Tom with 'im."

"Oh! Tom joined in, did he? I suppose he didn't interfere while his father was knocking *you* about, but as soon as there was a policeman to hit he couldn't resist the fun?"

"They was both drunk," she explained. "And it ain't natural for a lad to see 'is father took away."

"M—m!" mused Richard. "Anybody hurt?"

"I dunno whether *'e* was hurt much," she replied.

"The policeman you mean?"

"Yes. Joe can always take care of 'isself."

Again her pride struck Richard as more pathetic than comic, though no sign of sympathy appeared in his face, which was briskly cheerful.

"Joe's a fool, and your son as well," he summed up. "I can see. He started a general fight and got a lot of other asses into trouble as well as himself. Well, what d'ye want me to do."

"I thought as maybe yo'd goo down to the court and say a good word for 'im. 'E's always 'ad a good character with you 'aint 'e? And p'raps 'e'd get off with a fine, and then I shouldn't care. Y'see, if it 'ad only been me they'd 'a' let 'im off if I'd spoke up fur 'im, but now it's the copper, as like as not 'e'll get a month. Then there's Tom. It's the fust time as 'e's bin nabbed, and I did 'ope—"

The patient, enduring tone ended suddenly.

"My lad's too good for that," she cried, with fierce grief. "'E's only sixteen, and I've seen what they'm like after prison's 'ad 'em. They goes bad, because they thinks everybody's agen 'em. They won't work, they 'angs about street corners. It makes 'em 'ard. Once they've 'ad a taste of it they don't care 'ow often they goes agen. And it's bitter, after bearin' 'em and bringin' 'em up, bitter it is! Yo' don't know, Richard, what a mother feels and 'opes about her lads. Yo' don't know."

She sat on a chair and gave way to silent weeping. Richard found his pouch, and filled tobacco into his pipe in silence.

He did know—a little; and that little was enough to make him silent. For him, the tragedy of the lower classes was that so seldom they could give expression to their sorrows. Shabby pomp makes grief grotesque.

"How many youngsters have you?" he asked presently, in a strictly casual voice.

"Four," she sobbed. "Tom's th' eldest. The others be at school, Joseph—after his father—Amy and Ted."

"One girl, eh? That's something of a novelty. I'll bet she takes after her mother."

"No; they ses Tom most features me. I never could see it mesell."

Richard was achieving his wish, and turning her mind away from her trouble. He listened interestedly to a voluminous description of the doings and sayings of her children practically from birth.

A ringing of the telephone bell caused her to stop and she got to her feet almost with a blush of embarrassment. The crushed expression had disappeared altogether from her face. She stammered out something about "botherin' and wastin' 'is time."

"All right," said Richard. "Wait a minute. I'll come along with you to the court."

Half unwillingly she remained, while Richard gave rapid attention to several matters of business.

"I'm sure I didn't intend to trouble you with this," she told him as they passed through the yard towards the double gates leading to the street.

Richard hurried her along. Woman-like, she had forgotten the time of the magistrates' proceedings in the telling of her tale.

"If they can only get off with a fine," she said hopefully, "and if it aint too much, I can manage."

"By pawning all you've got," I suppose.

"I 'ave done a'ready," she returned. "There wouldn't be no time afterwards."

"Good lord!" exclaimed Richard with such emphasis that she started. "I should have thought you'd have had more sense!"

The woman turned her face and looked up at him. There was a shine in her eyes.

"Yo'ur a good lad, Richard Selby," she said. "I know what yo' mean. Yo'd 'a' paid it yerself."

"What earthly difference would the few pounds quid make to me!" he exclaimed impatiently. "You're as big a fool as your husband. Hurry up! If it's the magistrate I think it is, and I may be able to get time to get a word with him, I may be able to do something. If I can't, you must put up with results."

Not resenting his words nor the sharp accent of his voice, in fact, smiling slightly and conscious of a warming confidence within, Mrs. Wilson quickened her steps.

The poorly-clad, middle-aged woman and the athletic figure of the most successful young man in Moulden passed down its main street together.

III.

Joe Wilson and his son Tom were each fined forty shillings and costs, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment, though the magistrate, in addressing himself to the older prisoner, said severely, that it was only his past character, testified to by his employer, which induced him to let him off so lightly. Tom's youth, it was understood, was his saving grace. They were to consider themselves decidedly fortunate.

The fines were promptly paid by Richard, and Mrs. Wilson's thanks were cut short by a curt command to go forthwith and redeem her household articles.

Richard met the two law-breakers as they were leaving the court.

"You may as well understand," he said, "that it's my doing that you've got off so easily. Your job's waiting for you on condition that you work like a man and not act the bloomin' fool.

"As for you, Tom, you'd better come and see

start as a packer. It'll fine those arms of yours down. You're carrying too much flesh. Fifteen bob a week. How'll that suit?"

"I'd like it," answered the boy.

"You'd better!" warned Richard. "I've got no use for shirkers."

Leaving them, he strode back to the works. He wanted to get engrossed in work again, because he was feeling a humbug. He always felt the same if anything he did earned gratitude. He knew that primarily he acted only to please himself, that the trouble of others gave him discomfort, which was not removed until the trouble was alleviated.

There was never much self-deception about Richard.

IV.

The sequel to the incident took place at dinner at Bradley Court that evening.

There were at the table Vincent Lyons, his wife and daughter, and, as guest, Richard Selby, and all of them were in high spirits.

"It is not my custom to criticise the behaviour of my friends," observed Mr. Lyons in the course of conversation, with a solemnity that deceived nobody; "but when one of them approaches me in my character as magistrate and strives to use personal friendship as a lever to divert the ends of justice——"

Violet dropped his fork.

"Oh, tell us!" said Violet, after a glance at his father.

"It was private," put in Richard.

"It was scandalous," corrected the host, with severity.

"Who would dare to commit such an enormity?" Violet inquired, incredulity showing on every line of her, her eyes wide with surprise.

"A friend of mine it was also a friend of mine," said Arthur, covering his face with his hand; "I am ashamed."

"I have a vague feeling that it is just possible you may have met him," said Mr. Lyons. "My boy, be careful of your morals, and listen not to those who are guilty of attempting to pervert the course of justice."

"Bosh and hang!" observed Richard, uncomfortably.

"Go on, dad," urged Violet with delight.

"He sought me out," continued Mr. Lyons. "I could see that he was suffering anxiety which could only arise from abject fear. He pleaded for two of his workpeople who had been apprehended last night for a brutal and unwarrantable assault upon the police ——"

"Shame!" from Violet.

"Workpeople!" murmured Arthur. "More likely companions!"

"He told me he would be everlastingly in my debt if I would temper justice with mercy and let the miscreants with a fine. I sternly reproved him. He persisted. He was eloquent. There were tears in his voice. They moved me."

"Poor dad!"

"My principles were shifted from their solid basis. I deserve unutterable contumely. I——"

"The brute ought to be horse whipped," said Mr. Lyons, feelingly. "Treating you like——"

"I shall resign from the bench," sighed his father.

"What's the name?" called Violet.

"Yes, let's hear his name," demanded Arthur, shifting his hold on his knife and fork dagger-wise.

Mr. Lyons pointed an impressive finger.

"I!" exclaimed his daughter, in horror.

"I refuse absolutely to believe it," averred Arthur with a splendid air of staunchness.

"It is the truth," said their father, sadly. "Look at his face!"

Richard joined in the general laughter.

"Keep it up," he said. "I'm renowned for my good temper."

But Violet Lyons allowed her hand to remain in his when later on he said good-night, and she squeezed something.

"I like you to do things like that."

And Richard rode home on air.

THE FIRST RIPE FRUITS.

A TRAGEDY.

She was the prettiest bit of womanhood he had ever seen—a peach, a daisy, a blush rose with the dew on—he thought of all these things in conjunction with her. He wanted her.

When he was a good deal younger than he was to-day, just a schoolboy on a holiday, he had stood under an old red-brick wall belonging to an ancient manor house, and on the wall apricots hung ripe and mellow and warm with the afternoon sun on them, and the desire had come upon him to pluck and eat, though they were not his, and to do so would have been to steal.

Well, he felt the same now with regard to her.

He wanted to pluck this peach, this flower, madly, with a fierce desire.

She was the first ripe fruit that had caught his eye.

She roused in him feelings which up to now had been unknown to him, a hunger of which he had had no previous experience.

She struck the chord of his manhood.

The soft curves of her figure, the shy rose of her complexion, the dainty ways of her, set his pulses beating.

Someone stronger than himself had restrained the school-boy fancy for the apricots.

Something stronger than himself now urged him to taste this the first ripe fruit of his manhood.

They were seated in a punt, and the water lapped dreamily against the side, and the green meadows sloped down to the water's edge.

It was calm, and Nature herself appeared to dream; but the stream of passion in the young man's veins rushed like a very torrent.

The woman raised her eyes, blue as the forget-me-nots that fringed the banks.

At the look in his she dropped them. She was a little frightened, for she was just a conventional maiden, with a taste for coquetry, but nothing more.

And he was just primitive man.

Besides which, she was engaged. The diamond cluster on her finger gave that away.

She thought herself so safe.

Safe! When she was the first ripe fruit, and the river was deserted!

He was hungry, and when that hunger is on a man he is deaf to what civilisation calls honour.

Sylvia had flirted once too often.

"I think we had better be going back," she ventured, twisting her ring round and round.

He leaned towards her and spoke her name softly.

She laughed a trifle nervously, dipping her fingers idly in the water.

He seized the pole, and the boat drifted away from the bank down stream.

"Give me a kiss," he said, hoarsely.

She thought the exertion tried him. Well, there was no harm in a kiss, she thought, and Jack would never know.

So she yielded the outposts of her lips, thereby adding fuel to fire.

The man forgot that there were dangerous currents in that river, forgot how frail a thing a punt can be, forgot all except that she was a woman, and that he wanted her.

She was in his arms, and his mouth was clinging to hers before the girl realised it or the meaning of it.

Then she struggled.

And the boat and the man and the dangerous currents did the rest.

* * *

Another boating fatality said the papers.

But there was a look of horror in the dead girl's blue eyes that might have been read differently to the construction Jack Morris put upon it.

He was the man she had been engaged to, and he thought it was only the natural horror of drowning.

If he had looked at the dead man's face he might possibly have been enlightened.

A. M. STEWART.

THE PLEASURES OF BOHEMIA.

It is not such a bad thing to be poor, provided you are not ashamed of being poor—that's where the sting lies.

There is plenty of fun to be had in that desert country which used to be called Bohemia if a fellow has got rid of that bugbear of respectability known as keeping up appearances—which is really one big fraud.

The clerk sacrificing to his social Moloch and lunching off a cup of tea and a bun isn't in it with the man who has the sense to go into a public-house and have a cut off the joint and a glass of beer. And no one who hasn't tramped the streets all night, whether for "copy" or from need, has any idea how delicious a cup of coffee tastes at any "early stall," or the gastronomical joys of a supper of "sausages and mashed."

"Pip! Pip!" cried the two mill-girls to the motorist.

He drew up, asked them if they'd like a ride, and, to their delight, took them five miles into the country. Then he set them down.

"Ladies," he said, "you'd better start pip-pipping for somebody to take you back."

They permit motorists now to pass in peace.

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A RIVER SPORT WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE.

Perca fluviatilis—that's his Latin name—just a common or garden perch, game as a pebble, and about as handsome as any of the coarse fish we possess; good eating withal, best cooked in a coat of clay, when his scales and spines do not cause the cook to be rude when asked to dress the chap with the long name, for they come away in the clay.

Quite early one morning in September two of us took a dinghy from Folly Bridge at Oxford. We were out for perch.

Only one rod was used—I wielded it.

OUR BAIT.

The bait favoured was a little triangular spinner called the "Otter"; this one was home-made—red one side, silver the other. It spun on a piece of copper wire and against glass beads. Some three inches behind it travelled a small triangle on fine wire. I have always found this useful, for fish often come short.

Having passed the barges, we turn sharp to the left, up the New Cut, and into the Cherwell. No sooner have we left the main stream than over goes the spinner.

Only half the rod is used, and that is submerged, thus causing the spinner to travel some ten or twelve inches from the bottom. This is the secret of catching perch when the water is shallow.

The rod is, of course, used above water, though rarely more than half its length. The reel lies at the bottom of the boat.

GETTING ON.

Two or three chub reward us before we reach the Botanical Gardens, but these we do not want.

Just past the tree which overhangs the water and is so nice for mooring a punt under in the hot summer months, especially if the fair cousin be aboard, a beauty swung out at the bait from a forest of waving weeds. He fought gamely, but had to yield to superior force.

Two more came aboard before Magdalen Bridge was reached. There is a sand bank extending from the middle pier of the bridge straight down stream.

As we entered the arch a fine fellow over a pound took hold, and after a stiff fight he graced the short net we always carry on these expeditions.

Directly you have got through the bridge, the fishing changes. The water is shallow, but the banks on both sides are hollow, the waters have undermined them. We got the spinner to travel along under them, and the reward was ample—though the chub were a nuisance.

We pass under a small iron bridge and are in the pool. A few casts—the spinner being worked Thames fashion as the boat is brought to a standstill—produce three sizeable fish.

Pulling steadily against stream, we wend our way through the "Marston meadows" with varied fortune. Two or three decent jack are in the bag, and perch in plenty—the biggest only a pound and a half. Tying the painter to a bush, we lunch, have a smoke, and resume our progress.

GREED.

Some half-mile from our lunching bush we got a small jack, just a pound and a half. He had swallowed a chub too big for him; its tail could be plainly seen in his throat. Greedy brute! Too full already, he tried to kill more. Small as he was, we destroyed him. Pike of huge dimensions are caught up here towards Islip, but we fell in with none. A little backwater, beside which are the ruins of a mill, yielded some fine perch, and we fancied we saw a trout bulge, but unfortunately he resisted temptation.

On our way back we mounted a chub cast—using a "Red Palmer." Such is human nature—we would have none of the chub coming up; now we try to kill some with a fly—and do it too. Several heavy fellows are in the bag before we reach the landing-stage at Folly Bridge.

Healthily tired, pleased with our day's sport—for the bags are heavy—we depart, each to his quarters.

To those who have never tried spinning for perch, keeping the bait well on the bottom, I would say—"Try it."

H. L. LIDDELL.

"I say, old man, I've been asked to a shoot. What tip should I give the keeper?"

"It all depends where you hit him."

GIRTHING A HORSE.

For safe and comfortable riding, the correct girthing of a horse is a point deserving of the closest attention. If the girth gets slack, it does not necessarily follow that you come off, for a man's saddle is not like a lady's, and his weight is evenly distributed at either side; but if the girth is slack, the saddle will move about on the horse's back and make it sore.

When a girth is just at the right tightness you are able to push two fingers between it and the horse's belly.

It is not always easy, however, to know when the girth is sufficiently tight, even with this test, for many horses have a trick of blowing themselves out when being girthed. The remedy is to try your girths after you have been riding for a short time. You can readily do this without dismounting, and, if the girths want further tightening, you can also bring them up a hole or two without getting off.

Remember also that in the course of a long ride a horse decreases somewhat in circumference as the processes of digestion go on, and therefore it may be necessary to tighten your girths, even if your mount does not have the habit of blowing himself out.

When you are using a double girth—and there are many claims that can be made on behalf of this system—see to it that the underneath girth is as tight or tighter than the one above it, for unless it is so, the upper girth will wrinkle the under one and cause a gall.

The same thing applies when you use a surcingle over the girth; always see that the girth is the tighter of the two.

"I lost the best part of my luggage."

"Was it stolen?"

"No; the cork came out."

AN ATHLETE'S EMBROCATION.

We have put Dr. Carter's Embrocation to a practical test, and have much pleasure in giving our opinion upon it.

It is particularly soothing in the case of a sprain or stiffness, and there appears to be some element in it that produces a most cooling and refreshing effect.

There are many embrocations now before the public, and many of them are extremely dangerous, but Dr. Carter's Embrocation is essentially a safe one.

It is being advertised this week in THE MODERN MAN, and a special offer is being made to our readers in connection with it, as will be seen by reference to the first page of the cover.

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Please Write Plainly.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

B. H. (Salisbury).—Certainly stick the stamp on the envelope which you enclose with your manuscript. If every writer sent loose stamps the office-boy's tongue would get sore with licking them.

G. W. (Bradford).—Sleep as long as you need to. Four or five hours suffice for some, but, if that amount of rest does not suit you, you would be foolish to adopt it.

A. B. (Holyhead).—The best way to get a good and cheap gun—or anything else in the sporting line—is to advertise for it in our readers' Sale and Exchange page.

C. E. (Bury).—Don't join the Army if you are "unclubbable" and dislike the company of your fellow-men. Your life would be very unpleasant.

"FANCIER" (Hull).—Take the dog to a vet., and ask his advice. We never recommend amateur doctoring for dogs—or men.

M. A. (Cromer).—The article, "Showing Off a Horse," which described at length the various wheezes employed by dealers and others for making a horse show up to his best advantage, appeared in No. 12, which can be had post free for two penny stamps.

S. L. (Ilfracombe).—Hair parted in the middle is no longer regarded as foppish, provided it is well brushed back from the temples and not over them like an old woman's.

B. L. R. (Coventry).—Many thanks for what you have done; we are really grateful to such friends as yourself. It's all very well for a man to send us good wishes, but the chap who gets a few new readers is the sort of pal we like. He believes in actions rather than words.

H. M. T. (Poole).—Don't try poster or black-and-white work. That market is over-stocked.

W. VAUGHAN (3, Hetherington Road, Clapham) wants to hear from another reader interested in piano-playing and singing for mutual practice.

P. H. (Barrow).—The fee for four years' training at the National Dental Hospital, Great Portland Street, London, W., is £120.

J. W. (Birstall).—Write to the Commander, H.M.S. Conway, Rock Ferry, Liverpool, and to the Secretary, Thames Training College, H.M.S. Worcester, 72, Mark Lane, E.C.

H. H. (Bolton).—Best thanks for your letter, but why were you so beastly timid about sending your address? We should have liked to write to you. To you, and to all others who conceal their identity, we would say that we never, under any circumstances, disclose the name or address of a correspondent. Why should we?

W. T. (Manchester).—It does not pay the amateur to make his own varnish, for the results are seldom satisfactory. Far better buy what you want from an oilman; he will supply it in any of the usual shades.

C. R. (Derby).—To stimulate the growth of your moustache, rub the lip occasionally with a little acent and cold-cream. If you don't object to the smell of paraffin, you might very well apply a couple of drops of that occasionally.

"LOYAL" (Dublin).—The various South African Mounted Police Forces are all full up just now and are not taking on new men.

T. H. (Henley).—Reciting is a bit out of date so far as a man is concerned. If you want to do something at the smoker, sing a good comic song; if you can't sing, content yourself with being one of the audience.

F. D. (Southport).—Drop the cold bath if you find that you do not have a proper reaction after it, and try a tepid one, of a temperature between 80 deg. and 90 deg.

S. R. E. (Warrington).—Being six feet in height, you should weigh from 12st. 10lbs. to 13st. 10lbs.—that is when you are full-grown. But don't worry about your weight. You are young yet, and will fill out a lot.

H. D. (Birmingham).—You're not a muff, by a long chalk. You think too much about yourself—that's the only trouble.

P.C. NAUGHT

A SPORTING SKETCH.

I will not give the slightest clue as to his Division for reasons that will be apparent; I will not even hint at his number, for the methods of Scotland Yard, Sherlock-Holmes-and-sleuth-hound-like—has anyone ever seen a sleuth-hound?—might track him down.

I introduce him to you merely as P.C. Naught, of any division you like.

To say that a warm heart beats beneath his blue, silver-buttoned coat, is to plagiarise; but I have never yet heard of a single writer referring to a sporting soul existing in the breast of a policeman. Yet such troublesome adjunct to a human being lives and thrives in P.C. Naught of Any Division.

Beats in all parts of London are productive of strange finds, from packets of hair-pins to infants in orange-baskets. P.C. Naught, however, discovers a late edition of an evening paper with surprising regularity every night, and always in the same place, namely, the shrubbery of a suburban front "garden," which he finds it necessary to search for possible burglars, and no one would be more surprised than himself if he found one.

It is a fact, significant enough to an amateur Sherlock Holmes, that this garden is never assiduously searched on Mondays, which are blank in the Racing Calendar, or upon the bleak wintry evenings of days when frost or fog have seen the race meeting programmes utterly abandoned.

There you have the deductions of an amateur Sherlock Holmes worthy of Sir A. Conan Doyle's immortal creation. P.C. Naught, it is evident, is in the habit of having a "bit on" daily!

As it is not meet for him to be seen hob-nobbing with questionable characters in low public-houses whose reputation is *not* anti-gambling, Sherlock Holmes would again deduce that he makes his investments upon a system—again true, for he "follows" with an increasing stake in shillings, bewildering to calculate in its fractions, the "nap" selection of a certain newspaper.

Upon that mysterious beat—or in a dark corner thereof—you would find that after a visit to the aforesaid shrubbery P.C. Naught produces from his capacious trouser pocket, wherein is the bludgeon, the "Late Edition," and opening it with feverish haste, lest the sergeant should come up unexpectedly, he turns his bull's-eye upon the racing results.

A satisfied grunt, or the sudden flinging of the paper, crushed into a ball, into space, tells whether the good thing has come off, or if its name ignominiously appears among the "also ran."

"And all this," he explains, heavily, to those "civilians" in his confidence, "is due to that imp of Satan, Mr. Charlie Bowers. Confound him!

"Is it right? I ask you. Sometimes when my conscience pricks me, and I've done in all the missus allows me out of my wages, on the system—which fails occasionally for lack of capital—I wonder whether I ought to report myself for 'wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence,' or for 'aiding and abetting a person loitering in the vicinity of Bottle and Jug Alley for the purpose of recovering wagers.' (Didn't you know that the law could indict a street punter on that count if it liked?)

"Why is my padlocked tin box at home stuffed with 'Facts and Form,' 'The Racing Snip,' 'The Long Shot Certainty Method,' 'Races Past,' and 'Races to Come? Why? Because Charles Bowers, fruit salesman's clerk, of no fixed abode, brought what he terms my sporting soul, that had slept for years undisturbed, to life.

"It was my infinite tenderness that did it. I knew Charlie Bowers. He was that strong that one night he gave a little show at my house, the point bein' that he should break all the fire-irons across his knee—and he did—from the stump of poker to the best fire-tongs.

"'Charles,' I says to him that night, 'I want no arguments with you at all in future. If you want to get drunk and fight some poor unfortunate devil, kindly conduct your operations well off *my* beat, will you?'

"All went well and peacefully until the night of the meeting of the 'Want Work Committee,' in a little park which is on my beat.

"Early in the evening Charles comes up to me and says that the Borough Council were likely to grant the delegates just what they asked for—work—so there was bound to be a row at this interference with the rights of the British workman.

"Charlie Bowers didn't want work, but he liked to be where there was any fun, a little rough and tumble being his favourite diversion.

"'How does the ground lie officially?' he asks me. 'You don't want to be unkind enough to interfere with a pal in a shine, do you?'

"I did *not*—most decidedly *not*.

"'Look here, old sport,' he says, 'I'll bet your tender conscience will lead you to make an asinine report to the inspector, and there'll be a raid.'

"'I'll bet you I sha'n't,' I said.

"'How much?' asked Charles, suddenly.

"'Ten to one,' I says.

"'Taken to two-and-six,' he says, quietly, slipping a half-dollar into my hand.

"'What d'you mean?' I asked him.

"'On the bet,' he explains. 'If we're interfered with, you lose thirty bob. Otherwise, the half-dollar's yours. It ain't robbery; it's a bet.'

"But that night the devil himself was afoot—that is to say, the new inspector—no end of a keen man, who had an idea that a policeman was merely born for the purpose of locking up people and having a finger in everybody's pie.

"Well, this inspector had got wind of the Want Work Committee's meetin', and he and his twin cherub, the sergeant, posted a cordon of us all round the park, with instructions to do our duty should occasion demand.

"And occasion demanded, and no error! I will spare you the details, and the list of the locked-up, which included Charlie. (I took particular care not to see him.)

"The next day I met him, grumpy as a tom cat with ten rivals.

"'There ain't a bloomin' sportsman in the force,' he says, 'and after me givin' you a half-dollar to hush things up, too!'

"'Look here, Charlie,' I says, 'if you're as big as a house you ain't goin' to implicate me in your notions of honour. It was a bet, a pure bet. Ten to one I laid,' I says, 'and ten to one I'll pay out. Here's your money—thirty bob and your two-an'-six back!'

"For a moment he looked at me. Then he grabbed my flipper.

"'Your'e a real good sport,' he says, 'and now I'd like you to get your money back. You have a half thick-'un on Red Herring in the Cambridgeshire to-morrow.'"

At this point P.C. Naught turns upon his audience a gloomy, sorrowful glare.

"Red Herring," he concludes huskily "won in a common canter at three to one. I got my thirty bob back, and, in addition, pounds and pounds' worth of the gambling fever. Wonder what the nap'll be to-morrow—and here's the inspector. Good-night, gentlemen." H. AFTON.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

ANOTHER COLOUR SCHEME.

A week or two ago I gave an account of a typical colour scheme affected by a friend of mine.

As, however, the gentleman in question was possessed of vivid red hair, the combination referred to may not be suitable to many of my readers. A scheme that will look well on most men—but perhaps more especially on a dark one—is a combination of grey and light blue.

A lounge suit of lightish blue-grey—without any green in it—and socks, tie, and, if you like, handkerchief, too, of harmonising shades of blue, will form a very attractive combination.

Perhaps some of these colour schemes seem rather outlandish when described in cold print. To some, maybe, the mention of pale blue socks savours of the bounder.

But it makes all the difference how the clothes are worn, and whether there is any clash of colour.

A man of taste can look well in socks and ties of the most vivid colour, which on another man might look unutterably "bounderish." But then socks and tie will match, and both will tone in with the colour of his suit.

CLOTHES AND ECONOMY.

A Dublin correspondent, in the course of a most interesting letter, asks my opinion on various points—among them the advisability of paying a good price for suits.

My friend makes a point of going to the *best* tailor for his clothes, and there is no doubt that he is right.

One well-cut suit of really good material is worth two of indifferent cloth and style. Well-made clothes look better after six months' wear than badly cut ones when they are new, and they will naturally wear very much longer.

There is, of course, the disadvantage that the buying of an expensive suit means putting down a big sum all at once, but most tailors will allow you to pay on the instalment system, and if you do not allow a big bill to accumulate you will hardly notice the difference.

The best plan, however, is to put the money by until you can pay cash down on the nail, for the average tailor is so taken aback at anyone wishing to pay him that he will give you a cash discount that is worth having.

Not only is it advisable to go to a good tailor, but it pays to go always to the same one.

You may say that when you visit a new one he will do his best for you in the hope of retaining your custom. But you cannot go to a different tailor for every suit, and by dealing always with the same man you avoid having to have your measures taken every time.

Moreover, he gets to know your individual tastes and any little peculiarities in your figure—and every man has some—and he will take a pride in turning you out well, and will suggest little improvements and details that might not have occurred to you, besides keeping you up to date.

He will be even more anxious to retain your custom, if you are one of his "regulars," than if you were just a casual customer, especially if he knows that you are in the habit of paying him promptly.

RESTING SUITS.

Another question of economy to which my correspondent refers is the best method of "resting" your clothes.

Supposing that a man has six decent suits, he writes, is it better to wear a suit once and put it away for five days, or to wear it for three or four days and then to rest it in proportion?

The former method is undoubtedly the better if you can stick the trouble of folding up and putting away your suit each night. It ensures a well-creased pair of trousers and an uncreased coat far better than if the suit is worn for longer shifts.

However, this is an ideal which few of us can live up to, and to wear a suit for three days consecutively and rest it for a week will give quite good results, and necessitates fewer "best" suits and less changing.

WATCH-CHIAN BUTTONHOLES.

The other day I passed in a crowded London thoroughfare three young fellows, each of whom wore a low-rolled lounge coat and a high-cut waistcoat with a watch-chain buttonhole between the second and third buttons.

Through this in each case was thrust the shank of a watch-chain that was, or looked as if it might be, gold.

The watch and the matchbox, or whatever graced the other end of the chain, reposed in the two upper waistcoat pockets on either side.

Now the usual place for a watch-chain buttonhole is between the fourth and fifth buttons from the top of the waistcoat, and the usual receptacle for the watch is the lower pocket.

Here it is easier to get at; it necessitates less craning of the neck to tell the time; and a watch chain is not really such an adornment that one wants to display it unnecessarily.

I can only surmise, therefore, that the sole object of these youths in placing their watch-chains across their chests, where they would appear above the roll of their coats, and in having the buttonholes cut to suit this position, was to display to the world the fact that they possessed what purported to be gold watch-chains.

I wonder if they were!

ANKLETS.

The wardrobe of the country sportsman and of all who go in for cross-country walking, beagling, and so on, is by no means complete without a pair of anklets.

They can be obtained from any bootmaker for a shilling or two, and are made in brown or black leather, or in canvas or box-cloth.

Leggings or puttees are apt to become very irksome and hot for cross-country work, though if protection is required for the legs in rough country, when one has to negotiate brambles and such obstacles, they are hard to beat.

The anklet, however, which is, of course, worn over stockings, can give support to the ankle and also a certain amount of protection on rough ground from stones and snags.

Also it contrives to conceal the ugly top of the boot, for one of the chief objections to the wearing of stockings is that they look so horrible with anything but shoes, and shoes are impossible for hard, cross-country work, especially if you have to do a little wading or ploughing through a bog or along a muddy road.

I never pay a visit to the Yorkshire or Scottish moors, or any similar country, without a pair of strong anklets, for then I can obtain the comparative freedom of knickerbockers and stockings, with the braced-up feeling that laced boots can give, and with sufficient protection from the scraping of the heather and the low gorse.

TURNED-UP TROUSERS.

A correspondent raises once more the question of turned-up trousers. He has adopted the very sensible plan of ordering two pairs of trousers with every suit, one of which was pressed with the bottoms turned up and the other without.

He is inclined to deprecate the custom of wearing the trousers turned up even on fine days in town.

It is perhaps illogical, for originally no doubt the object of turning up the trousers was to keep them clear of the mud, but it has now become more a matter of appearance than anything else, and I must admit that I like the custom.

It has of late years become universal in the Army, and you will rarely see an officer or N.C.O. in undress uniform, and scarcely ever in mufti, without his trousers turned up.

If you have any objection, however, to wearing the trousers turned up in town, by far the best expedient is that suggested of having one of the two pairs of trousers that every wise man who can afford it gets with each suit, made with a permanent turn-up and one without.

BROKEN COLLARS: A REMEDY.

I am reminded by a correspondent of a useful means of prolonging the life of a double collar which has, under the hands of the laundress, become cracked or frayed at the top.

This trouble, to which I referred recently, need not lead you to throw the collar away as useless.

Wear it yet once more, and then send it back to the wash, with a pencilled request on the outside to the laundress to turn it inside out.

When the collar is "got up" again its appearance will be almost as good as before, and its fit, though not quite so good, still quite passable.

SPRING LEGGINGS.

Those leggings which have spring fastenings are undoubtedly the easiest to put on, and are as smart looking as any that are made, but they have a habit of coming undone at the bottom.

A useful tip for putting a stop to this is to have a small strap and buckle put on just above the bottom spring-socket, similar to those which secure the legging at the top.

IMPORTANT.

WHY not have your suit cut by the man who fitted H.M. the **KING?**

FACE to face we know we could convince you to order your Autumn Suit from us and be fitted by **Mr. ELLIS,** who was for ten years principal cutter to a Bond Street House, numbering Royalty amongst its clientèle. But as we have no travellers we must depend upon our advertisement and our tailoring to increase our Business. We want your custom.

We Buy and Sell for cash, eliminating the cost of credit. We do not maintain any travellers, eliminating another cost. These two costs not existing in our business we can provide you with equal Quality Clothes as in Bond Street at practically Half their usual charges.

The MAJOR says:
That Messrs. Ellis cannot be beaten for Style, Fit, and Material.

LOUNGE SUIT in Indigo Blue, New Brown, New Green **MATERIALS.** **50/-**

TRY US.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS,
The Smart Set Tailors,
201, STRAND, W.C.,
And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

Every Londoner should make a point of calling

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Blue serge morning coat, black frock coat and vest, blue serge reefer and vest, all suit man 5ft. 4in., chest 34in., 30s. lot, or offer.—Box 1156, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Woollen sweater, quite new, cost 7s. 11d., chest 36in.; will take 3s.—Box 1155 "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Genuine Panama hat, size seven-and-one-eighth; quite new. Will take 5s.—Box 1157, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, gentleman's suit, suit big man, 5ft. 8in.; best Bristol makers; nearly new; 2gs. or near offer.—Box 1158, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Good condition, 38in. chest, black frock coat and vest, grey trousers; cost 63s.; 21s.; navy lounge suit, 55s., 25s.; tweed, 36s., 18s. Approval.—Box 1159, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gent.'s fashionable brown suit; 25in. arm, 32in. leg; nearly new; bargain 15s.—Box 1177, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Dark raimpoof overcoat, chest about 35in.; cost 30s.; sell 9s. 6d.—H. Bird, 63, Rutter Street, Walsall.

Accept 6d. weekly for boots, clothing, cycles; everything supplied; state wants.—Warehouse, 45, Dereham Road, Norwich.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Ju-jitsu (illus. book, 3d.), boxing, exercises (curative, corrective), personal and postal tuition; lowest fees; outfits supplied.—Volunteer Instructor Smith, 81, High Road, Chiswick, W.

Powerful air-gun, equal to new, cost 21s.; take 12s. 6d. Also "Cameo" ¼-plate, fit the pocket. What offers?—Rippon, jun., Park Road, Peterborough.

12s. 6d. pair Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells, chart of exercises; excellent condition; 7s. 6d.; approval.—Box 1181, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Pair of gentleman's Union ball-bearing extension roller skates; 7s. 6d.; usual price 10s. 6d.—Box 1162, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Salmon flies, 11 for sale; good.—Box 1163, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Ju-Jitsu; Garrud's book of sixteen lessons for 3d.; post free,—31M, Golden Square, Piccadilly.

Two salmon rods, 20ft. and 17ft; in good order; sell cheap; owner going to India.—Box 1161, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

For sale, Barton Gillette patent horse wheel clipper, in good working order; cost over £5; accept £2, or exchange set of good harness.—Box 1164, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SADDLERY.

Wanted, very light set black double harness, American, with breast collars preferred; fit ponies 13 hands.—Box 1165, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Offers wanted for riding saddle, complete, with boots (size nines), pair rubber boots, as new (size tens); sale or exchange.—Box 1166, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Good set brown or black harness, fit cob, 50s.; bargain.—Box 1167, "The Modern Man," 66, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Grand pedigree puppies. Bull-dogs, £3; fashionable West Highland terriers, from four guineas (or exchange goods).—Woodbine Cottage, Union Street, Dunstable.

Bulldog, 15 months, excellent pedigree, Rodney Stone strain, no vice, very healthy; £3.—Box 1168, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study.—Learned in twelve easy lessons; highest speed in shorthand time; illustrated handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Harmsworth "History of the World," cost 30s.; first P.O. 18s.—Green, 9, Anderton Street, Wigan.

Shorthand.—See Stewart's advt., page 21.

POULTRY YARD.

For sale, cheap, Hearson's 25-egg incubator, in perfect order; also a Tamlin foster mother, as good as new.—Box 1169, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

CYCLES.

Road Racer, 23in., Dunlops, £4; also pair sprint wheels, 15s. (Bradford, Yorks.)—Box 1152, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Gentleman wants Diggings in Farmhouse, within easy reach of London, as he must travel to town daily.—State full particulars and terms to Box 1154, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Bed-sitting-room to let, furnished, S.W. district, homely, close common, trams, and railway; terms moderate; board as required.—Box 1144, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

STAMPS.

300 well-assorted Continental stamps, in exchange to anyone sending 150 clean, perfect, English and Colonials.—Box 1171, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, collection of stamps, in album; cash, or exchange case birds' eggs, violin (£3), 3 brass Bengali ornaments.—Box 1172, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Some foreign stamps for sale.—Write Box 1173, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Several rare stamps, catalogued over £10; exchange border carnations, or sell 10s. 6d.—Box 1174, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Wanted, to exchange for new zither banjo, in leather case, cost £4 10s.; would accept phonograph and records or Blenheim spaniel bitch, over distemper.—Box 1175, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, violin with bow and case; must be in good condition and cheap.—Box 1176, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two violins, in lock-up cases, mandoline, new; accept 15s. each.—Box 1178, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 685, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"It Cures." Dr. Carter's Embrocation, 1s. 9d. bottle; post free, P.O. 1s. See stand Bay 5, Grocers' Exhibition, Agricultural Hall.—"Model Home" Specialities, Limited, Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.

Ointment for skin ailments, &c., 7d. post free. Particulars with sample, 2d.—Box 1179, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

JEWELLERY.

Watches, guaranteed, good timekeepers, 2s. 11d.; levers, 3s. 11d.; gold-plated hunters, 5s. 11d.; approval.—W. Benton, 27, Union Street, Egremont, Birkenhead.

Handsome gent.'s real lever simulation gold watch, keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Fish carvers, silver mounted, almost new, 6s. 6d., or exchange; no cards.—Box 1170, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Handsome Gent.'s Double Simulation Gold Albert.—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Agents, Eureka! My stunning value Xmas Cards are automatic sellers. Agents say so. Glowing thanks from agents arriving. Write quick.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

"Money-making Secrets" (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 veterinary recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d., for advertisement.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Film Camera. Would exchange No. 1 A folding Kodak (cost 50s.) for a plate camera.—Box 1153, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

End of Season Sale. Complete Shaving Set; best Sheffield hollow-ground razor, best quality swivel shaving strop, metal bowl, and shaving brush; bargain; 2s. 6d., post free; field glasses, 7s. 6d.—X. L. Stores, 5, Water Street, Rhyl, N.W.

£200 Provincial Homes; house purchase certificate; ten guineas paid in; what offers?—Box 1180, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"Grit, combined with a few shillings outlay," will make you independent for life. Our book contains 400 real trade secrets and the "Know How"; post paid, 1s. 2d.—G. M. Wilkes Company, Stockton, Rugby.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality, Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth 50s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glass, Powerful £5 5s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy, 50 mile range; shows bullet mark 1,000 yards; 10 acromatic lenses; wide field, saddler-made sling case. Great sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval privately before payment.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks.—Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 18s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

10S. 6D.—Sheffield Cutlery, £4 4s. Service, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel. Crayford ivory handles. Unsoiled. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Sent for inspection privately before payment.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

Money Lent on Jewellery, Watches, and Plate. Old Gold and Silver bought or taken in exchange.

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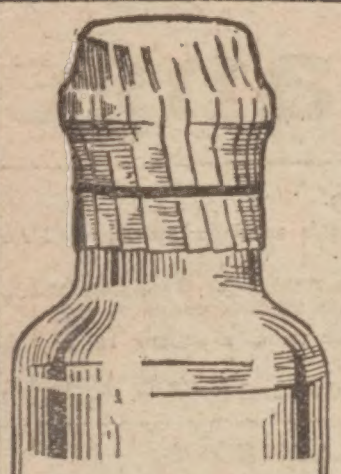
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FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
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It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

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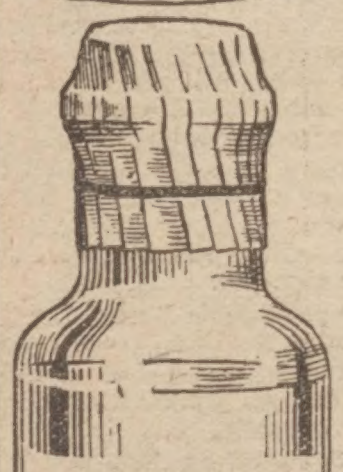
CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS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It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a reviver during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/I½, 2/6, 4/6.

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